THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314—NUMBER 4074

AUGUST 5, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

IRELAND'S AFFLICTIONS

AMID the more serious trials from which Ireland is suffering, losses that under normal conditions would be deplored by the whole world are almost overlooked. The destruction of Four Courts during the recent fighting between the Irish Government forces and the Insurgents involved such irreparable losses as those of many of Ireland's most important historical documents. After the burning of the building, the Lord Chief Justice said: —

Much of the material for a complete history of Ireland, even before an English king ever set foot here, must have been wiped out. Large numbers of the more ancient documents had never been scientifically examined. A few went as far back as the eleventh century, among them the grants from the Pope, creating the first Chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, within a stone's throw of the Four Courts building.

A loss of another kind is that of the old Exchequer reports. Their embossed-leather bindings were most magnificent examples of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century work, in a style that is now a forgotten art.

These papers include the original letters of many distinguished Irishmen, — including those of Dean Swift, — several volumes on the lines of the English *Domesday Book*, and other irreplaceable records that have never been thoroughly investigated. Among the inquirers, said Justice Maloney, 'Irish-Americans were always plentiful, and this catastrophe will be a real blow to the American people, who are particularly keen about their historical connection.' The famous Law Library, of which nothing but a pile of ashes now remains, contained forty thousand volumes, many of them irreplaceable editions.

Rory O'Connor, the partisan leader captured when the Four Courts fell, who is immediately responsible for this destruction, is an engineer by profession. He still nominally holds an appointment on the staff of the Dublin city government. His father, an attorney, forwarded a handsome subscription to the Treaty Fund to mark his disapproval of his son's political course. Before the War, Rory was a mild Home-Ruler, and entered politics as a Redmond man. When the War broke out, he applied for a commission in the British Army, but was refused on health grounds. Though captured and imprisoned during the Black and Tan régime, he was not prominent until this spring, when he became known to the public through a series of venturesome exploits, among which were wrecking the *Freemen's Journal* office

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and seizing the Kildare Street Club. Most of his followers are young lads under twenty. Some who strut about with rifles almost as tall as themselves would not pass for fifteen. According to an Irish correspondent: 'They have looted and wrecked on a heroic scale, but the looting and wrecking has been strictly in accordance with orders.' In Dublin, at least, their personal behavior has been excellent; and it is obvious that discipline has been rigidly enforced.

While regarded as a man of undoubted military gifts, O'Connor has proved a bad politician. He fell out with the Southern divisions of the irregulars, thus losing the support of Cork and Kerry, where at present writing the Republican movement seems to be strongest.

JAPAN'S MURMURS OF PROTEST

ALTHOUGH the political leaders, as well as the common people of Japan, appear to have welcomed with unaffected relief the better understanding that followed the Washington Conference, murmurs of protest continue to be heard. Professor Shinkichi Eyesugi of Tokyo Imperial University contributes an article to *Taiyo* (the *Sun*) in which he deplores what he considers the wretched situation of his country. 'Japan is shut in on all sides. . . . Not even men who are disposed to see things in their rosiest light venture to imagine that Japan is now cutting an enviable figure in the eyes of the world. . . . I am one of those who cannot control their anger at the results of the Washington Conference. . . . Under Anglo-American duress, the Japanese people have been forced to humiliate themselves, and to renounce all hopes of rising higher. . . . Japan must see her armaments unfairly reduced, and pledge herself to erect no more defenses. . . . The proud aspirations of half a century have vanished like a dream.' And in despair he exclaims: 'The Japanese nation is weary and played out.' This crisis of pessimism makes him liken the Japan of to-day, with what he calls its decadent political morals, to Spain and Portugal and other 'dying Powers.'

Some of the Professor's criticisms would be pertinent in other countries. He argues that Japan is suffering from political palsy; that the people are politically paralyzed, because they cannot elect representatives to the National Legislature who properly represent them. The machinery of government, in spite of its democratic forms, has ceased to voice the national will.

Admiral Baron Tomosaburo Kato, the new 'non-party' Prime Minister of Japan, takes office in the midst of a chorus of disapproval from professional politicians and some progressive constitutional theorists; but he probably has the silent support of the nation as a whole. He is the reverse of a popularity-seeking statesman, and shuns publicity. When he was first appointed Minister of the Navy, six years ago, and had to make an official trip during which he was likely to receive much attention, he hid all marks of his rank and, so far as possible, traveled incognito.

Simplicity and economy are said to be two prominent traits of his character. A passion for concentrating on essentials has prevented his acquiring many of the little accomplishments common in his class. For instance, he is not a beautiful writer — an art upon which the Japanese of his station often pride themselves. The Premier's sister, now eighty-three years old, when informed of his appointment, could hardly believe it. She said that as a little boy he was quick-tempered, and often fought with the other children of the neighborhood. Though a mod-

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erate indulger in sake, his pet aversion is green tea, which most Japanese drink, because he considers that this indulgence interferes with his sleep.

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VILLAGE CLUBS

EFFORTS to disperse the war-gloom that still hovers over Europe have expressed themselves in campaigns to make life 'brighter,' to use the catchword now current in England. Among the most promising forms taken by this movement has been the establishment of village clubs resembling, in many respects, our rural welfare-centres in America. These organizations aim to make life in country communities more interesting, by broadening and multiplying the social diversions of the residents, and by offering them wider opportunities for culture.

A similar movement has sprung up in France, where associations known as *Foyers des Campagnes* have been organized to provide social, recreational, and intellectual advantages for village communities. According to a recent account: —

> A foyer is a place where the people of a village meet together to talk of things that interest them all, and to rest after the day's work. The foyer offers entertainments (musical evenings, theatricals, cinematographs, sports, and games); it has a library, and lectures are given on all kinds of subjects; to mothers it gives consultations and advice about hygiene; to girls it teaches about the household, dressmaking, and fancy work; it interests the children who meet there on holidays for games, and so forth; it becomes the centre of the village; it belongs to all; it becomes a living institution with the help of everyone.

Not long ago, the English general society fostering this movement in Great Britain, which is known as the 'Village Clubs Association,' sent four representatives to France in response to an invitation from that country to confer with the leaders of the movement there. The English delegates visited several of these rural centres, all of them in the recently devastated areas, and brought back a most hopeful account of what they saw. The French foyers are devoting themselves not only to the material reconstruction of country life in France, but also to social reconstruction, looking toward higher permanent standards of living among the peasantry.

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STINNES AND RATHENAU

A CORRESPONDENT of *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* reports a conversation with Hugo Stinnes, shortly before the Genoa Conference. He had sought the interview at Rathenau's suggestion. In making the suggestion, Rathenau said: 'Stinnes is one of the most remarkable men in Germany. I regard my conversations with him as almost an æsthetic pleasure, far apart as are our views on many subjects.' Without knowing of this remark, Stinnes immediately launched forth to the correspondent in praise of Rathenau. He said: —

> The hours I spend with Rathenau I always regard as the choicest of my experiences. But Rathenau has a mistaken idea of himself. He thinks he is a statesman, and he is not; or a merchant, and he is not that. I would express no opinion of his philosophy; but Rathenau seems totally unaware that he is the greatest organizing and engineering genius in Germany. No other man possesses such prophetic insight into the evolution of modern industry. His greatest weakness is that his attitude toward everything is too æsthetic and disinterested. He has more wealth than he can ever use. He lives as suits his taste, from the proceeds of an estate that he once contemplated giving to Berlin. He has no children to work for; he has all the fame he wants. I have often said to him: 'To make

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the kind of statesman of you that your political position entitles you to be, you must have a family to work for; you must be interested in things from something else than a purely æsthetic and ethical standpoint.'

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ENGLISH PRISONS

PRISON problems are receiving an unusual amount of attention just now in the British press. Some excellent studies of that country's penal system have recently appeared. Among the latter is a portly volume of over 700 closely printed pages, entitled *English Prisons of To-day*, of which we give bibliographical data elsewhere. The authors pursued their investigations in the midst of many difficulties and some active opposition on the part of prison authorities, and were forced to obtain much of their information from semi-official sources — chaplains and priests, visiting ministers, medical officers, warders of different grades, visiting magistrates, ex-prisoners, and agents of prisoners' aid societies.

'The testimony of prisoners was particularly valuable, because large numbers of people of superior intelligence and education suffered, like the authors of this volume, imprisonment during the years of the War as conscientious objectors.'

Of late, the number of prisoners in Great Britain has diminished rapidly. Last year less than one third as many were in confinement as forty years ago. This is due to the increasing wisdom and humanity of judges and magistrates and to a more merciful penal code. However, nearly one third of the present prison population is there through failure to pay a fine, and the prisons are largely peopled by 'the very poor, the very ignorant, the physical and mental weaklings, the unemployable, and the unskilled, to say nothing of the drunkards.' The stupidity of sending to prison numerous offenders on whom prison life can have no curative effect is proved by such cases as that of a man who had spent seventy out of his eighty-one years in confinement. The insanity and suicide ratios are much higher among prisoners than among the rest of the population. The insanity rate has practically doubled in fifty years. This may be due to the fact that fewer minor offenders than before are now sent to prison.

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A BRITISH BUSINESS RETROSPECT

ADDRESSING the Manchester Chamber of Commerce upon trade conditions during the last six months, the President of that body characterized the period as one 'of difficulty and stress.' Among the difficulties, perhaps the greatest was the disturbance of the 'equilibrium of trade.' This is a world-wide phenomenon. For example, in America the price of manufactured articles and of transportation has been far higher relatively than the price of farm products. England is suffering from a similar condition. Throughout the world, in fact, the farmers' products, being subject to world competition, have fallen in price more rapidly than manufactures. In the case of Great Britain, however, the agricultural producers who supply her market reside in distant lands, while in the United States they are domestic consumers.

Among the first demands of the situation in Great Britain is an industrial truce. There must be a period of undisturbed production, free from labor war, before the prosperity either of the employing classes or of employees can be restored.

The general condition of trade in the country is steadily improving. The coal trade has recovered much of its lost export

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business, and though prices are unremunerative, the volume is satisfactory. The iron and steel trades are also improving, though progress is slow. Textile machinery is very busy; but engineering generally is not much better than before. The woolen and worsted trades have made a wonderful recovery. The cotton trade has been steadily improving in volume since last autumn. Comparing the export figures of cotton piece-goods of all kinds for the first six months of 1921 and the same period of the present year, the improvement in 1921 amounts to 669,000,000 square yards. Values, of course, are less than a year ago.

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COLONIAL FINANCE IN AFRICA

WAR-BURDENED Europe is not the only part of the world where public finance and private business are plunged into confusion by a disordered currency. Great Britain's Kenya Colony, in East Africa, is a case in point. The original coin in circulation there was the Indian rupee, worth slightly over thirty cents in American money. During the War, this coin rose to double its usual value as measured in British currency. Finally, the Colonial Office stabilized the rupee at two shillings, as compared with one shilling fourpence before the War. This added 50 per cent to the local cost of production, and an equal amount to the old rupee debts, thus crippling colonial producers.

The next step of the Government was to abolish the rupee as legal tender and to substitute a two-shilling piece in its place, issuing paper bills of the latter denomination and a smaller quantity of coins of baser metal in exchange for silver rupees. This aroused so much popular protest that a new coin, the 'Kenya Shilling,' was finally substituted. The result of these rapid and inconsistent changes is monetary chaos.

Simultaneously, the colonists are up in arms against an income tax recently imposed by the Government, which they refuse to pay on the ground that it is illegal. It is interesting to note that the nonpayers justify their opposition by the argument used by the American colonists at the time of the Revolution, that 'taxation without representation is illegal.' Lawyers are defending people in the courts for nonpayment of these taxes, without charging a fee for their services.

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EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN FIJI

A SUVA dispatch to the *London Times* reports that an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Fiji capital recently, with the object of favoring European settlement in the Islands. The following resolution was adopted:

> In view of the present unsatisfactory economic and industrial conditions of Fiji, which we consider can only be improved by European effort, we hope that the Government will not encourage further Asiatic colonization of Fiji.

There has been similar agitation in favor of White settlement in other Pacific Islands. For a number of years the Hawaiian Government devoted several hundred thousand dollars annually to promoting the immigration of Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, and other 'citizen labor,' to our Island Territory. The White Australia policy as applied to Queensland seeks the same object; and presumably there is an Australian suggestion behind the Suva resolution. Hitherto coolies imported under contract from British India had been the chief labor reliance of the sugar plantations in Fiji. Since the War and the ensuing political agitation in their homeland, these Indian immigrants have caused considerable trouble in that colony.

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MINOR NOTES

DURING the War, cotton manufacturing extended rapidly in Brazil, and it has continued to make progress since the Armistice. At present there are two hundred and forty-two spinning-mills and weaving-sheds in the Republic, containing more than a million and a half spindles, and ninety-seven thousand looms. Of course Brazil produces its own cotton. Argentina is developing both a woollen and a cotton industry. Several woollen mills have been established very recently. A new factory is now being erected in Buenos Aires, representing an investment of three million pesos, or something over $1,000,000 gold, and it will operate eight thousand spindles.

Westminster Gazette returns to the subject of the slave trade in Abyssinia, discussed in the *Living Age* of March 4. In spite of more or less agitation against selling arms to the slave raiders, and the disclosures that have been made concerning slavery in Abyssinia itself, there has been no betterment of the situation. It is suggested that Abyssinia might be persuaded to join the League of Nations, and that this body could be entrusted with the suppression of the traffic and of the institution itself. Any European nation attempting this independently would be suspected by its neighbors of imperialist designs.

SHANGHAI'S municipal authorities are trying to enact a press ordinance requiring all printers, publishers, and editors to register, presumably for the purpose of preventing radical propaganda. This attempt to introduce what its opponents refer to as a Japanese institution is meeting lively resistance from the press. The proposed law is interpreted as a measure to muzzle the free expression of public opinion in the most important publishing centre of China, and full-page advertisements opposing it are appearing in the principal Chinese newspapers and magazines.

THE following story is passing about in Russia to illustrate one of the difficulties of doing business in a country where money falls in value with dizzy and unpredictable velocity.

A trader bought one hundred boxes of nails, took them into the country, and sold them at an advance of 100 per cent. This seemed to him a good profit and he repeated the operation. Meanwhile, however, prices had gone up so rapidly, on account of the decline of the ruble, that he was able to buy from the proceeds of his first sale only fifty boxes of nails. He took these boxes into the country and sold them at 200 per cent advance. When he returned to the city to buy a new supply, however, his money would purchase only twenty-five boxes. After disposing of this stock, he returned to the city to discover that, though his rubles had multiplied to millions, they had fallen so in value that they would buy only one nail. Thereupon he invested his capital in this single nail, drove it into a wall, and hanged himself from it.

THE Soviet Government made a sufficient concession to the old-fashioned practices of the rest of the world, to publish the values as well as the quantities of the exports and imports for that country during 1921. Previously only quantities had been given. Imports into Russia for the twelve months were valued at 248,557,000 gold rubles, or somewhat under $125,000,000. The exports from that country were valued at somewhat more than 20,000,000 rubles, or about $10,000,000. Presumably goods to approximately this value were paid for out of the gold reserves in the Russian Treasury at the time the Bolsheviki took possession of the government. Russia's foreign trade in 1921 was about one tenth of its value before the war.

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WALTHER RATHENAU

BY EMIL LUDWIG

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, June 27*
(Swiss Republican Daily)

Exactly two years ago, I was sitting with Rathenau in the old park that surrounds his summer villa — it is not a castle — in Brandenburg. He had already aged rapidly, and, wearied with climbing a slight incline, he sat down in the sun and spoke, in a tired and disillusioned voice, of our present political leaders. To my suggestion that he would manage public affairs better, he shook his head, and replied: 'You are wrong if you imagine that my duty calls me into active political life. My ideas are in writing, in five volumes of my works. I publish from time to time a pamphlet upon the condition of Europe. There are already groups of people abroad who are converts to my social doctrine. Here in Germany, the Christian Trades-Unions are beginning to advocate my programme. Why should I go into political life?'

I know, none the less, that he aspired to office. The desire to rule was one of the most marked traits of his character, second only to his lucid intelligence, which was as clear as crystal — an intelligence not derived from study and education, not due to a conscious exercise of his logical faculties, but native to his very being, pervading and penetrating everything that he thought and did. To be sure, it was also an intelligence as cold as it was clear.

This fundamental quality of his complex nature, which I had the opportunity to study closely for ten years, explains the chilling solitude in which he lived. Certainly his intellectual isolation did not add to his happiness. It was like a glacial crust enwrapping his warm heart. Indeed, his intellectuality was his worst enemy; it prevented him from self-surrender to his fellow men. That is precisely why his criticism of his age contained an urgent warning against too much intellectuality. He preached a return to sentiment, to the mystical, because that was a domain from which he personally was excluded. When a great man passionately condemns a thing or an individual, there is invariably some hidden kinship between them. And Rathenau, thanks to his mental clarity, comprehended only too well his own character. His deep knowledge of men did not stop before his own image; but, since he entirely lacked the gift of irony, that knowledge remained a secret in his own bosom.

This explains an unrest and constant inner tension of which many who knew him were not immediately aware. That state of mind seemed strangely out of harmony with his vast knowledge that aspired to embrace every field of modern science, with his unrelaxed eagerness in pursuing new lines of thought and inquiry, and with that sureness of fact and judgment that gave such charm to his conversation. After conversing with this great man, who seemed to possess so much, I used to leave him with my heart filled with a sense of deep compassion for his poverty in the midst of all his wealth. A brilliant mind, untiring industry, steadfast striving toward higher things united in this man to achieve a magnif-

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icent ideal; yet that ideal remained merely a lifeless image. Rathenau's being was wonderful in two dimensions, but it lacked a third.

This distress of overintellectuality, which robbed Rathenau of internal harmony, explains why, though a prophet of the deed, he waited until forced by others before entering public life. In truth, he possessed unusual endowments in that direction: comprehensive information, wide knowledge of men, the ripe fruits of travel and historical study, experience as an administrator, perfect familiarity with the industrial and financial organization of Europe. These would have made him a political leader of the first rank had there been some central fire of passion to fuse them into a single purpose.

When he compared himself in his own heart with Disraeli, who also lacked political passion, and who, like himself, was overburdened with the sobering heritage of an ancient race, he left one important factor out of consideration: he forgot that he was not born among Englishmen, whom he regarded as the greatest people of Europe. At this point his ambition to become great in service made a single miscalculation: he forgot that Germany has never permitted a Jew to hold the helm of State, or forgiven one who cherished that aspiration. His spontaneous urge toward power, which his reason could not resist, proved a fatal impulse.

For this man, who possessed every material gift that is coveted of men: independence, interesting productive tasks, culture, knowledge, wealth, taste, and, of late, growing fame throughout Europe, was designed by nature to guide public affairs as an invisible adviser of the nominal heads of the State, to live free of responsibility and party ties which limited him and impaired his usefulness, and, like Ballin, to make himself felt through a freer medium. He was not a statesman or a politician, either by inheritance or by tradition. He was too proud and self-sufficient for an ordinary parliamentary career. He always proclaimed himself a Jew with chivalrous frankness, quite conscious that this made him a multitude of enemies and even shook the loyalty of his friends. He should never have taken the decisive step into public life.

Yet his ambition drove him irresistibly toward this. He grasped at the outer evidences of power. He watched the errors and incompetence of others in high places until he felt he had a moral call to occupy their positions.

The brutal, cowardly, and stupid murder to which he, as innocently as Jaurès, fell a victim, robbed Germany of one of her rare eminent men who knew how both to think and to act. Europe has lost a keen and unsparing critic, but also perhaps the greatest protagonist of her reconciliation and reconstruction.

On the other hand, Rathenau personally has lost little. He was cut down in the height of his power, perhaps on the eve of a cabinet crisis that would have driven him back into the narrower paths of private life. His fame as a statesman remains intact. An assassin's bullet has made him the martyr of a great cause. Around his memory the best men of Germany will rally. He has become a symbol of democracy for his nation; his death makes his advocacy of that cause a thousand times more effective than did his writings. How admirably such a fate accords with his own ideals! So he would have judged; for he well knew that life is not the highest good.

We may appraise his political career as we will, but we must confess that he took the only possible course.

At Genoa, where I did not always agree with him, he justified himself, the

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last time I saw him, in a talk prolonged late into the night, which was a masterpiece of persuasive and figurative argument. He was at his best as a speaker. Indeed, I know hardly another German who possesses an equal mastery of our language.

This very quality caused some men to distrust him; they felt entrapped in the glorious garden of his vocabulary, and unjustly suspected him of sophistry. This suspicion explains a legend regarding him that has been bolstered up by malicious falsifications: he never sought the favor of the Kaiser, nor had he seen the Kaiser for twelve years at the time of his death. He lived a life of Spartan simplicity in his refined home, in a residence which he helped to build with his own hands. His daily automobile trip from his house to his office was merely a passing from one workshop to another. He had no family life, since he had no life companion, and he was a man of few pleasures. What he enjoyed most was an interesting conversation. The success of his writings, which have been translated into many languages, also afforded him great pleasure. From the beginning of the War, he saw clearly the misfortune into which we were plunging. He confidentially cautioned our leading statesmen against their disastrous course. And when he undertook the tremendous task of providing the country with raw materials, it was already without hope in his heart.

Walther Rathenau lies drenched in his own blood, and it is mainly the antiquity of that blood that constitutes his unforgivable offense. Possibly his death will mitigate this hostility. His last will and testament will disclose the fact that he left the most of his immense fortune to found an institute to provide talented workingmen with an opportunity for a higher education.

He was wont to speak of death without fear; for he was a manly person. Once, when my eyes were dwelling on the exceedingly narrow door of his country villa, I thought to myself: It is designed to be just large enough for the slender coffin that will convey this lonely man to his grave.

But instead, he is to be buried like a prince. His mother, nearly eighty years old, whom he loved more than aught else in the world, survives to mourn him. He believed in fate, and nothing took him unawares. Some presentiment probably hovered in his mind one time when we were talking of such subjects; for he smiled, and quoted those great words of our great Frederick: 'The bullet that strikes me will come from above.'

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THE FATAL FORTNIGHT

BY AN AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN DIPLOMAT

[*The Editor of the* National Review *introduces this account, by a distinguished diplomat, of events described from a different point of view in the* Living Age *of June 10, with the statement: 'We must not be regarded as identified with this version, least of all with the author's strictures on Franco-Russian policy, which was no less pacific than that of Great Britain.'*]

From the *National Review, July*
(London Tory Monthly)

England's love of truth, justice, and fair play has been proverbial for generations. Has it been warped by the effects of the War, and the distortion of facts which is a necessary and unavoidable complement of a mental condition in which every nerve is strained with a view of obtaining the one and all-absorbing object without undue fastidiousness as to the means employed?

This typically English love of truth has inspired many able and courageous writers to dissociate themselves from the common herd, that accepts blindly and indiscriminately the version of events that is put before it, unable or unwilling to inquire to what extent the course of events has been colored or touched up in order to suit the taste of the public, or how many unpalatable truths have been withheld.

Needless to say that, on the vanquished side, an uninterrupted stream of publications has appeared on the causes of the War, the manner in which it was conducted, and the consequences to which it has led, but it is very much to England's credit that, after a termination of the War which in the results obtained far exceeded all earlier expectations, a thorough investigation has been carried on by men of public spirit, and of real (not conventional) patriotism, in order to have a clear conception of the circumstances that led up to the greatest calamity which the world has known.

What is the view held, not only by the man in the street, but by probably much more than 90 per cent of the total population of the British Empire?

The German Emperor, a man of boundless ambition, not content with the position his country had obtained, was striving relentlessly after an *imperium mundi* — a world-power similar to that of the Roman Empire. To achieve this, egged on by his military advisers, he was willing to wade through streams of blood.

Austria-Hungary, an effete conglomeration of conflicting nationalities (all more or less 'oppressed'), was tottering to its grave, and had become a powerless instrument, practically a vassal State, receiving its orders from Berlin.

Russia had showed her profound love of peace by starting the Hague Conferences. France was only too anxious to live in amity with the world in general, and the thirst for *revanche* was dying a natural death. That nobody in England dreamed of a war of aggression was too obvious to require mentioning.

Of Serbia, people in England knew little and cared less. Vague reminiscences might still be afloat of a ghastly murder perpetrated on a royal couple during their sleep; possibly some student of Balkan history might remember

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that Serbia's greatest national hero bore the epithet of Dusan, the Throttler, for having thus dealt with his own father; but for the average Englishman of 1914, Serbia was practically non-extant. At the Foreign Office it was known as a restless little Balkan kingdom that was always at loggerheads with its neighbors, and that depended for its existence upon the export of pigs and plums. The strong action taken by the British Government after the assassination of King Alexander and his consort by the officers of the Royal Guard far exceeded that of any Continental Power, including Austria-Hungary, and was commonly believed to be due to the personal initiative of King Edward, who was unwilling to conceal his indignation and disgust.

Little is known in England concerning Serbia's policy toward her then powerful Western neighbor. It consisted in a deliberate scheme of what may be described as 'twisting the lion's tail' in order to see how much of it he would stand. What an eminent Italian statesman described as *il sagro egoismo* is in the last instance the leading motive of the foreign policy of every country, and Serbia's aim has always been the foundation of a Yugoslav kingdom, created by the annexation of several of the southeastern provinces of the neighboring Empire. This aim, thinly veiled in official communications, was openly admitted and commented upon in the public press; it was taught the rising generation in the schools; it had become the watchword of the army.

Lest anyone think the writer prejudiced on the subject, it may not be out of place to quote the following extract from a confidential dispatch of Prince Urusoff, Russian Ambassador in Vienna, dated February 15, 1911: 'I come to the conclusion that all reports drawn by the Serbian Government from secret sources can only be accepted with some reserve. The weak point of the Serbians is their continuous craving for political intrigues, and for spreading a vast amount of the most unlikely reports with the sole object of preventing any friendly relations between Russia and those Powers with whom Serbia herself is on bad terms. The whole atmosphere of Belgrade is saturated with unjustified susceptibility and vanity. The Serbian Government will not admit that Russia should come to an understanding with Austria on any terms whatever. When it is not the Serbian Government, then it is their General Staff that calls our (the Russian) attention to Austria's most treacherous designs.'

Gratitude plays no part in international relations, or else a reference to the fact might not be out of place, that it was Austria's intervention that in 1885 saved Serbia from utter annihilation by Prince Alexander of Bulgaria's victorious army. In a publication concerning the causes of the War, M. Boghitchewitch, a former Serbian diplomatist, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of his Government, refers to a conversation which he had at Marienbad, in August 1913, with his chief, M. Pashitch. The words used by Serbia's greatest statesman were the following: 'I might have taken the chance of a European war in order to acquire Bosnia and the Herzegovina already during the first Balkan War, but I preferred first making sure of annexing Macedonia and then only taking steps to acquire Bosnia and the Herzegovina.'

It has never even been suggested that the murder of Serajevo was in any way the deed of the Belgrade Government, or that the latter was cognizant of any such intention; on the other hand, it has never been denied that the weapons used bore the stamp of a Serbian Government factory, that the perpetrators of the deed were instructed in the use of

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them by a Government official at Belgrade, and that the weapons were smuggled across the frontier with the assistance of Serbian customs-house officials. As a matter of fact, this was openly admitted by one of the culprits.

It would be a grievous mistake to look upon the murder of the Heir Apparent as an isolated fact; national fanaticism had previously led to a series of attempts against the lives of Austro-Hungarian officials[1] in Bosnia and Croatia.

That the last tragedy of Serajevo must fill the cup to overflowing was perfectly clear. None but an absolutely effete and impotent Government could possibly ignore the culminating act of a deliberate campaign leading to insurrection and dismemberment. The British Government went to war against the South African Republics under far slighter provocation. The principle upon which the Austro-Hungarian Government acted was sound enough, and practically unassailable, but the methods employed showed a deplorable want of foresight and of political judgment.[2]

It may not be generally known that, after the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903, the Austro-Hungarian Government received a hint from St. Petersburg that no objection would be raised from that quarter should a temporary military occupation of Belgrade be considered necessary with a view to restoring order. The suggestion was not taken up, or the map of Europe might at present be different from what the framers of the Treaty of Versailles have made it!

I certainly hold no brief for defending the line of action pursued by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office during the fatal fortnight of 1914, but the fact just mentioned goes far to show that it was by no means as self-evident as wiseacres now tell us that Russia must necessarily come to Serbia's assistance, and that Austria — knowing this — was deliberately bent on causing a general conflagration. Nothing is further from the truth; the fatal mistake made in Vienna (and also in Berlin) was to imagine that the Russian Government might in 1914 take the same view which it had held eleven years previously. It is by no means impossible that this would have been the case had not the internal state of the country (of which amazingly little was known in the rest of Europe) made a foreign diversion indispensable, to support the deeply undermined foundations of the autocratic régime. Distant rumbling of the coming earthquake became audible; the halo of Tsardom had vanished; the Court lived in absolute seclusion, enveloped by a thick mist of disquieting rumors concerning occult influences and unsavory surroundings. The Emperor was probably ignorant of all this — not so his advisers!

On March 3 (February 21, according to Russian style), 1914, a special Council was convened of all the leading political, military, and naval authorities to deliberate on the necessary steps to be taken for the occupation of the Straits and Constantinople. The minutes, since published, give a detailed account of the proceedings. The Chief of the General Staff expressed his opinion that Constantinople could only be seized during a general war, whereupon all technical details concerning the formation and landing of an armed expedition were fully discussed.

[1] June 6, 1910, attempt against the life of General Vareshanin, Commander-in-Chief at Serajevo. June 8, 1912, ditto against Baron Cuvaj, Ban of Croatia. September 30, 1912, and June 18, 1913, ditto against Baron Skerletz, Ban of Croatia.

[2] Lest the writer be accused of a *vaticinatio ex eventu*, he may add that he spoke exactly in the same sense to Count Berchtold on July 19, 1914.

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The Ambassador at Constantinople suggested that a similar intervention could easily be brought about by a state of anarchy in that capital, but that the time required by the naval authorities for landing an armed force appeared to him undesirably long. The article published on March 12, 1914, in the *Birschewija Wjedomosti* under the heading, 'Russia is Ready for War,' was admittedly inspired by the War Office, and in its truculent language far exceeds even the most unguarded and provocative utterances of the German Emperor. 'Formerly,' we read, 'the Russian military plan of operations was of a defensive nature; now, however, it is known that the Russian Army will play an active part.'

In order to show that these were not merely empty words, the 'rehearsal of a mobilization' was ordered in May, and the three classes of 1907 to 1909 were retained under arms. The part played by Generals Suchomlinow (subsequently condemned by court-martial) and Januschkiewitch at the time when the general mobilization was ordered, and the manner in which they hoodwinked their Imperial master, is too well known to be dilated upon.

Moreover, in the agreement come to previously between the Russian military authorities and the French General, Boisdeffre, it had been expressly stated that a general mobilization, when ordered, ipso facto meant war.

It is perhaps less easy to form a clear and comprehensive notion of the working of the German mind at the critical period. The popular picture representing the Emperor William as a bloodthirsty Attila or Genseric, anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hurl his savage hordes across the Vosges to destroy the liberty and civilization of Western Europe, has now been pretty generally relegated to the nursery. In reality, the Kaiser is an intensely kind-hearted, open-minded man of more than average intelligence and a stern sense of duty. His besetting sin is his inordinate and almost childlike vanity, equal only to that of Louis XIV. He reveled in playing the part of the *arbiter mundi*, and when he placed the words, *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, above his signature, he betrayed the leading principle of his entire reign.

In addition to this, he was severely handicapped by what may best be described as an extraordinary absence of tact, in the very widest sense of the word. He was strangely devoid of this gift (possessed by King Edward to a quite exceptional extent) of judging the effect which his words or actions would produce upon the world in general and the person to whom he addressed himself in particular. Many of his attempts to lead up to a rapprochement with France — attempts made with the very best intentions in the world — were received in Paris with smiles of derision, as so many new *gaffes allemandes*. Needless to refer to the famous Kruger telegram, dispatched in utter ignorance of the effect which it was bound to produce, or to the less famous 'brilliant second' telegram which brought the recipient almost to tears of annoyance. The exaggerated importance which the Emperor attached to his own personality led him to take a wholly erroneous view of the hold which the 'dynastic principle' (to which he frequently referred) had taken over nations and their rulers.

What almost amounts to a form of mental color-blindness prevented him almost to the last from admitting the possibility that the Tsar (himself in hourly danger of assassination) would mobilize his huge armies in support of a half-Asiatic nation of regicides like Serbia. This, together with the erroneous notion that Russia was not yet prepared for war, was the fundamental and

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fatal error of his policy. He was convinced that the game of bluff, so successfully played in 1909, might do duty once more, and that the conflict between Austria and Serbia could be localized. The statesmen, both of Berlin and Vienna, were hypnotized by this scheme of 'localization' of the trouble, and dreamed only of a punitive expedition of short duration, with the tacit acquiescence of the other Powers. That this was the view taken by the Emperor personally, may be looked upon as an absolute, unquestionable fact — no less, also, that most of his military advisers took a different view. They were, of course, fully aware of Russian preparations referred to above, but they considered them not yet fully completed for another year or two, when the long-planned action against Constantinople and the Straits must inevitably take place. 'Was it wise or even rational,' said the Emperor's military entourage, 'to let the adversary choose his own moment for striking the fatal blow, when all his preparations had been completed?'

This was the language held, and it is a marked illustration of the difference in the working of the soldier's mind from that of the ordinary civilian. Nothing, however, could be more mistaken than to imagine that the German Staff came to this decision *le cœur léger*, as Émile Ollivier said in 1870. On the contrary, in a book just published, Field-Marshal Conrad, the Chief of the Austrian General Staff, speaks again and again of the formidable and almost superhuman task of facing a coalition of Russia and France with such doubtful allies as Italy and Rumania. According to him, a 'preventive war' with every chance of success could only have been made in 1909, when the attitude of Serbia gave more than sufficient provocation, and when Russia was practically powerless. The argument is irrefutable. Had the Central Powers been bent on bringing on a general conflagration, they would scarcely have waited until Russia had recovered from the reverses of the Japanese campaign and the revolution that followed.

The reverence felt by every German for all orders coming from 'above' is proverbial; it is the outcome of centuries of training, and had become almost unreasoning and automatic; nevertheless, had not the Russian mobilization (admittedly equivalent to war) preceded the order given at Berlin, the feeling of unanimity might not have been as unequivocal as it was when the Fatherland was declared to be in danger of invasion.

Long before the outbreak of war, the term 'encirclement,' as applied to Germany, had become a household word in diplomatic dispatches and in leading articles. The word (the authorship is disputed, but commonly attributed to Prince Bülow) has had a singularly irritating and indeed nefarious effect upon the German mind. It produced upon the nation the effect which the suggestion of being put into a straight-waistcoat might have on an ordinary sane individual: the wish to kick himself free at any price. The German *voyait rouge*, as the French say, when the encirclement was referred to!

This may to a large extent explain the attitude of Germany during the crisis, though it must be readily admitted that the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse displayed an extraordinary absence of foresight and of diplomatic skill. Their attitude, contrary to their real intention, frequently had the appearance of intransigence and even provocation that made the task of French diplomacy a comparatively easy one. The preposterous suggestion that in the case of France declaring herself neutral in the coming conflict Germany should, as a safe-

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guard, have the right to occupy Toul and Verdun shows an almost incredible ignorance of the adversary's mentality. Incidents such as this, together with untrue reports concerning attacks by French aeroplanes before the declaration of war, made it easy for France to assume the part of the guileless victim of an unprovoked and unwarrantable aggression — herself being in a state of absolute unpreparedness. Must this be considered entirely in conformity with facts?

Lord Esher, in a book recently published, tells us of military conferences between the English and French Staffs held in Downing Street many years before the War; the agreements arrived at in Brussels are known to everyone, and in a dispatch dated December 20, 1911, M. Iswolskii, Russian Ambassador in Paris, reports to his Government as follows: 'It is most remarkable that during last summer England was prepared not only to set her entire fleet, but also an expeditionary force, into action against Germany.' Of course, we all know that any act of aggression was entirely remote from the mind of British statesmen, but the term 'unprovoked aggression,' invariably to be found in all secret agreements, has frequently proved itself to be a somewhat elastic and undefinable expression. The clumsiness of Germany's diplomacy put her in the unenviable position of the aggressor, but the fact remains that the general mobilization, which, as previously stated, was equivalent to war, was first ordered by Russia.[3]

[3] M. Paléologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd, in his *Recollections*, recently published, makes the following statement: 'On July 25, 11 P.M., the Assistant Director of the Chancellery of the Russian Foreign Office called at the French Embassy and reported that (a) the mobilization of thirteen army corps for the operations against Austria had been publicly ordered, and that (b) a secret order of general mobilization had been issued.' This fact is of utmost importance.

With regard to France's attitude, I will express no personal opinions, but will merely quote the words of two men whose position suffices to dispel any notion of partiality on their part in favor of Germany.

Baron Greindl, one of Belgium's oldest and most distinguished diplomatists, writes as far back as 1907 (March 28 and April 8): 'France's insolence is reverting to what it was in the worst days of the Second Empire. . . .' 'France is arrogating to herself, as she did before 1870, the right to intervene in matters in which she has absolutely no concern. . . . Each time in history, when France has felt herself strong enough to do so, she has tried to assert a world supremacy.'

The second authority that I would wish to quote is Count Benckendorff, Russian Ambassador in London, who writes on February 12–25, 1913, as follows: 'Looking back upon the conversation I have had with M. Cambon, and adding to this the attitude taken by M. Poincaré, the idea rises to my mind — approaching a conviction — that France is the only Power which — I will not say desires war — would view its advent without much regret.'

If, as stated before, the picture representing the Kaiser as a bloodthirsty Attila can be relegated to the nursery, surely the view, at one time almost universally held in Germany, that England was responsible for the World War can now be declared only fit for the inmates of Bedlam. The 'Gott strafe England' craze, which spread across the length and breadth of Germany, never took root either in Austria or in Hungary. The few British officers interned, or taken prisoners, were treated with every sort of kindness and consideration (one of them was allowed to enjoy all the comforts of the Imperial Hotel at Karlsbad). English firms continued to do business as usual; the Brit-

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ish Governesses' Home in Vienna remained throughout the war open and unmolested; and jockeys hailing from Newmarket were warmly cheered by the public when passing the post on a well-backed winner. The average Austrian has perhaps more natural political intuition than his ally on the Spree could ever boast of, and it was at once felt, even by the man in the street, that there was no real enmity between the two countries, and that the existing antagonism was merely due to the reflex action of political alliances.

The unremitting, strenuous, and able endeavors of Sir Edward (now Lord) Grey to save Europe from the impending calamity, came too late to the knowledge of the public in Vienna and Budapest to rouse popular feeling at the critical moment, when every hour and every minute was of value. He showed far more insight into the difficult position in which Austria found herself than any other of the Entente statesmen. In a conversation with Marquis Imperiali (Italian Ambassador in London, July 29, 1914), he admitted the absolute necessity of obtaining full satisfaction for the Dual Monarchy. Serbia must be chastised, and guaranties given for her future behavior.

Of all the grievous errors committed by the Vienna Foreign Office, its attitude of procrastination and evasion toward Sir Edward Grey's proposal of July 29 was by far the most fatal one. His suggestion was, that Austria-Hungary should occupy Belgrade and certain strategical points, and there await the result of the mediation of the four Powers not immediately concerned in the Austro-Serbian quarrel (England, Germany, France, and Italy). The answer was, as pointed out above, slow in coming (considering that the peace of the world was trembling in the balance and that every minute was precious), and was, moreover, evasive.

In the meantime, Russia had issued the order for a general mobilization. Had the offer been at once accepted and acted upon, the great catastrophe could still have been avoided. However, it was not to be, and the course was taken that led to Versailles and St.-Germain.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR

From the *Spectator*, *June* 24
(ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

AT the present time Britain is having the honor of entertaining two very distinguished Americans, both of them lawyers. One is Mr. Taft, ex-President of the United States, and the holder of what is unquestionably the greatest judicial office in the world — the office of Chief Justice of the United States of America. I say the greatest judicial office in the world advisedly, and not as a compliment. I do not, of course, for a moment consider our courts of law or our judges as of less dignity or lower standing than those of America. It happens, however, that in America there are two considerations which make the Supreme Court, and therefore its Chief Justice, of greater

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power than any court in the British Empire.

The Supreme Court, in the first place, is supreme throughout every portion of the United States, and, in effect, in every cause. Since it, and it alone, can decide whether an act of legislation or of execution is or is not ultra vires, it can draw all things into its hands. With us, some matters are decided by the House of Lords, some by the Privy Council — and this applies morally as well as geographically. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council not only hears appeals from the Dominions, but also gives the last word here on a great many causes ecclesiastical, and also upon certain civil matters. Again, though the Lord Chancellor is head of that Final Court of Appeal which we call the House of Lords, and has in most instances a general supremacy among his equals and colleagues, — that is, the judges of England, — that supremacy, in certain cases, belongs to the Lord Chief Justice of England — himself a member of the House of Lords and also of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

While these English derogations in power leave the Chief Justice of the United States, and the Supreme Court over which he presides, higher than any court or any individual Chief Judge of ours, there is another consideration which confers on the American Chief Justice a higher position than that belonging to any of our judges. The Supreme Court has in the American Constitution certain functions which are beyond any functions exercised or exercisable by our courts. Under the American Constitution, sovereignty may be said to be divided between the states and the federal or national republic. In the last resort it is the duty of the Supreme Court to say where the dividing line comes.

No doubt our courts have a certain right of interpretation over our statutes, which in days of old came very near to this; but they never claimed to go beyond a legitimate construing of the words of an Act. Our courts can never pronounce the supreme and uncreative words, ultra vires. In theory always, and so almost always in practice, an Act of Parliament, duly passed, is unchallengeable by any British tribunal. None can deny its power and authority. The Act is the last word.

On the other hand, the American Supreme Court can say, and does say, though, of course, it does not do so without clear proof and without a full sense of responsibility, to the legislatures and executives of every one of the states, to Congress, and to the President himself: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' Therefore, taking the matter as a whole, we may say that the sovereignty of the United States of America is put in commission between (a) the various state legislatures and executives under their various constitutions; (b) the Constitution of the federal or national republic; (c) the Supreme Court of the United States. That last is the body which the people of the United States have decided shall, in case of dispute, say with whom in any particular instance the ultimate power rests. Though the Supreme Court has no veto over legislation, it can unmake a law by a declaration of ultra vires.

When I say that there is nothing that is ultra vires to the British Parliament, I am expressing not only the practice, but also the theory, of our constitution as at present established. It is interesting, however, to remember that we once had a fundamental law which was held by many men to be above even an Act of Parliament. It was made, they claimed, and with truth, by the representatives of the people of England *before Parliaments existed.* That law was enacted or rather proclaimed at Runnymede in Magna Charta, the

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great charter which declared 'the law of the land' in the Kingdom of England. Even as late as the time of James I, great lawyers held that there was something above the sovereignty of the King, or of Parliament, or of both combined. That thing was Magna Charta. In a debate in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Coke, who had been Lord Chief Justice, declared that 'Magna Charta was such a fellow as would not bear the word "sovereignty."'

The other great lawyer whom England is welcoming is Mr. Beck, the Solicitor-General of the United States — the holder of an office to which the respect of Englishmen, and especially of all English lawyers, is already accorded. But in Mr. Beck's case the respect is heightened by the fact that in the year 1914 he did a signal service to us in particular and to the English-speaking world in general. When the War broke out, Mr. Beck did not wait and see which way the cat of war or of policy or diplomacy was going to jump. He showed no selfish caution, no timid reticence. With him the reaction to the War was instant. He threw himself like a good lawyer upon 'the facts in the case,' and at once recognized that the merits in the great struggle were with us and not with our German enemies. When that conviction was arrived at — not by instinct, but by reason and an examination of the facts — Mr. Beck did not pause to think whether it would be profitable, or popular or politic, to give his decision to the world. He gave it because he felt and knew it was true, and for no other reason.

I shall never forget the effect that Mr. Beck's book had upon my mind. I had been wondering for many weeks how public opinion would go in the United States. Ardent admirer, nay, lover of the American people that I am proud to call myself, I was naturally exceedingly anxious to have their moral support for Great Britain, or, at any rate, some assurance that they would see matters in the true light. *I did not dream of our ever obtaining their physical support.* All I longed for was that they should give the moral judgment in our favor that the facts demanded. Though I will not say that I doubted the American people, even for an instant, I admit that I sometimes wondered whether the truth would ever get to them. After I had read Mr. Beck's book I had no more doubts. I felt that what he had thought at the beginning of August, and published to the world in the early autumn in America, must sooner or later become the thoughts of America as a whole. From that moment I had no more worries on that head.

I was exasperated, no doubt, by President Wilson's slowness, and was made anxious as to the effects of the pin-pricks which we were obliged to inflict upon American commerce, but these were only minor anxieties. I felt that at any rate we were not going to be misunderstood in America, and that was what I really cared about. There is nothing so bitter when a man is fighting for his life, and knows he is in the right, as the thought that those of his own flesh and blood, those whom he likes best in the world, are misunderstanding his action.

It must not be supposed when I speak thus of Mr. Beck that I imagine that he was the only man in America who understood our case. There were, of course, not merely hundreds, but millions of men who did so, and took our side rationally and instinctively. It was a piece of good fortune that Mr. Beck was over here and could look into the matter — that is, the right man was in the right place at the right moment. For example, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Taft felt as did Mr. Beck, and would have spoken as Mr. Beck did had circumstances given him the cue.

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Mr. Taft's great opportunity came later. We must never forget that it was he who originally thought out and laid down a great part of the foundations upon which the League of Nations, and so the Peace Treaty, was built. It is true that the superstructure was not so well designed as were its foundations, but that cannot prevent the world feeling grateful to Mr. Taft for what he did. Mr. Taft is by nature one of the least rancorous men in the world. He is also one of the least excitable and one of the most farseeing. During his Presidency not a single word was ever said by him either to injure the cause of peace as a whole or to prevent the growth of good feeling between both sections of the English-speaking race. He has always been on the right side whenever any big question, internal or external, has been raised.

That being so, — and once again remembering his great office, — a very special importance must be attached to the words used by Mr. Taft at the banquet at which he was entertained by the Pilgrims and to which flocked all the élite of our lawyer world. Speaking of the relations between the two halves of the English-speaking race, he used the memorable words: 'We are the eldest daughter of our mother.' That, and the passage which followed, form the best epitome of Anglo-American history that was ever spoken or written.

The final words of Mr. Taft's speech were as good and as much to the point. They will be taken to heart by every Englishman: —

> As a citizen with no official mandate, I beg the Britons whom I am addressing not to be misled by temporary ebullitions of one faction or another, but to count on the fundamental public opinion of the United States in respect to our foreign relations, which will always prevail in a real exigency, and which regards the maintenance of friendship with Great Britain as a most necessary security for the peace of the world.

It is pleasant reflection and an omen of high promise that a very few hours before Mr. Taft spoke as he did Mr. Beck was giving the third and last of his remarkable series of lectures on 'The Nature of American Institutions and their Bearing on International Relations.' The lecture was given in the historic hall of Gray's Inn, and it is delightful to think that it was honored by the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Taft, it should be noted, was supported by the Lord Chancellor. In these circumstances, and considering the distinction of the lawyers present in the Hall, — Lord Cave, Lord Phillimore, and a host of other legal magnates, — it is not too much to say that Mr. Beck had one of the finest professional audiences before whom any lawyer has ever spoken.

I have not the space at my disposal, even if I had the technical ability, to criticize or interpret Mr. Beck's lectures, but I feel I can refer to one point, without risk of error, juridical or constitutional. In dealing with the Common Law, the Solicitor-General of the United States pointed out how the inspiration which flows from its ancient and almost mysterious principles has had even greater results and wider scope in America than in England. I do not say in its home advisedly, for it is native to the race, not to any special piece of soil; it will flower as easily on the hills of a transatlantic Berkshire as in Berkshire by the Thames.

It is the Common Law which unites us as nothing else ever will or could. When Chief Justice Marshall said that the Common Law was a part of the law of the United States, he said one of the most momentous things ever said in the history of mankind. By it a world was affected. But what makes it so specially important is the fact that it was the

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outcome of no personal predilection. It was due to the force of circumstances alone. The Chief Justice, from the bench in Washington, announced a fact and not a policy. If he had tried to deny that fact, the very stones of his court must have denounced him. He might have made trouble and confusion by declaring that the Common Law of England was not the law of the courts of the United States; but he could not have done more than ruffle the surface of that august and potent stream which flowed then and still flows, 'with pomp of waters unwithstood,' through all the tribunals where the English language is the language of the people. You can no more disestablish or discrown the Common Law than you can disestablish or discrown Shakespeare.

That is why English lawyers and American lawyers have always been good friends, have always understood each other, and have always been determined in the last resort to prevent any lasting injury being done through the pride or prejudice of individual politicians. The strongest link between us is that afforded by 'the law of the land' — to use the famous expression from Magna Charta. Here and in the United States, 'the law of the land' is the common property of the English-speaking world. But the Common Law is only common to us speakers of English. To the rest of mankind it is either meaningless or barbarous or both. Yet it is that which has made us both great and worthy of greatness, and will make us worthier still.

VOLTAIRE IN ENGLAND

BY GEORG BRANDES

[*This most eminent of Scandinavian critics has lately published a notable book upon Voltaire. We print below the first translations of any length that have been made into English from this book.*]

THERE are writers who belong to the history of their nation's literature. There are also a very few writers, perhaps two dozen in all, that belong to the history of the world. Voltaire is one of them.

Once on a time, a bundle of nerves surcharged with electricity took Europe captive and enlightened it. Once on a time there lived a man who came to stand for human wit personified, and who to this day maintains that reputation as far as civilization reaches. Once upon a time there was a dæmonic genius whose mind struck fire, whose heart warmed to friendship and affection, but whose intellect with all its luminosity was cold, whose art was natural, whose simple eloquence was rarely equaled and never surpassed. Once on a time there lived a man of the world, a business man, a courtier, a landed proprietor, a poet, a scholar, an historian, a hermit, whose very essence was will, whose highest ambition was honor, whose delight was action, whose personality was charm, whose praise was a distinction as eagerly sought by a pope as by an actress, by a king as by a poet, and whose derision was a brand

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indelible through the centuries. No predecessor, Cicero alone excepted, occupied so central a position in the literature of Europe. . . .

No name is more French than that of Voltaire. And none reflects better the French character. Voltaire incorporates a nation. He likewise symbolizes a century. When speaking of the eighteenth century, for the sake of brevity we call it Voltaire's.

Voltairianism stands for a new Reformation, two centuries after Calvin and Luther. Free inquiry began covertly during the Reformation and came to a halt before the word of the Bible. It advanced no further until Voltaire spoke the word.

None has been so libeled as Voltaire. Around few great men have fiercer battles raged. He belonged to a country and an age of refined education but of political and social barbarism. As a writer he was outlawed. As a satirist and reformer he was repeatedly incarcerated in the Bastille; throughout his whole life he lived in constant fear of prison.

The most famous man in French literature for this reason spent comparatively few years in Paris, where his presence was forbidden and his life in danger. Even when, at eighty-three, he ventured to the capital of France after an absence of twenty-eight years, Louis XVI wished to put him behind the bars and warned him to absent himself as quickly as possible — a command that death made superfluous.

An outlaw, he usually wrote anonymously, but that did not avail him; his style was too well known. For the sake of safety, he disowned his writings again and again and not a few of them remained unpublished for a generation. When they appeared in print, it was very seldom on his authority. The sale of most of his books was forbidden. Some of his most valuable writings like his *Philosophical Letters* about England were burned by the executioner.

Notwithstanding all this, he was hailed, from the time he reached forty, as the intellectual chieftain of the world. The mightiest and ablest men and women of his generation paid homage to him. Among these admirers were Europe's most brilliant king, an empress, aristocrats and war lords, thinkers, poets, and men of science.

Eventually Voltaire's fame was world-wide. He came to personify to his generation liberalism and toleration. He detested cruelty and loved humanity. So Benjamin Franklin, who represented not only the new North America, but also liberty, invention, political wisdom, and common sense, brought his grandchild to him and asked his blessing upon the little boy. Voltaire said: 'God and Liberty.'

The most brilliant men and women of the period were fascinated by the flashes from his luminous mind. Innumerable letters to Voltaire testified to their admiration and gratitude. To the old-fashioned devout, to those who sought at any cost to maintain things precisely as they were, — especially to stupid supporters of the old régime, — Voltaire was a scoffer, a demolisher. To the superstitious, he was the devil incarnate. The mean and the envious hated him. But he devoted a long life to teaching successive generations the justness and the might of reason. When he believed that he had discovered a truth, he sent it forth into the world regardless of consequences. It flashed from him like the gleam from a lighthouse into the surrounding darkness. As Condorcet aptly said: 'Truth to him is not a secret to be whispered between the initiated.' No, it was like a standard to be raised on high, a war cry to be reëchoed.

But Voltaire's greatest service to the world was not so much what he did

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as what he lived. His career shows as many remarkable stages of development as that of a caterpillar into a butterfly. Such a life has some ugly moments. The larva is not always beautiful, but in the end it dons the wings of Psyche and its last phase is the most glorious of all.

Voltaire began as a society poet — perhaps as a national poet. His exile in England transformed him into a thought-compelling man, a daring remodeler, but prudent in his combats with antiquated prejudice and time-honored evils. Later he gradually evolved into the historian, the lyric poet, the dramatist, the novelist, the national economist, the philosopher, and the agitator. He reached his full stature only when the sage replaced the roguish tormentor, the patriarch took the place of the courtier, and the unknown vagabond, roving from country to country and from court to court, became the solid, settled master of his manor and benefactor of his neighborhood. Then it was that he at last came into the open as the declared enemy of fanaticism, the indefatigable champion of justice and toleration, the protector of the oppressed and maltreated. The satyr, as Victor Hugo says in his poem, had been transformed into Pan.

Voltaire was released from the Bastille on the second day of May by order of the King and His Royal Highness, the Duke; and Condé was instructed to accompany him to Calais and watch him go on board and leave the harbor. His exile, designed as a punishment, proved in every way an advantage to his development. Landing at Greenwich, Voltaire slept the first night in London at Lord Bolingbroke's palace in Pall Mall, after spending the evening in the company of ladies and gentlemen of the highest society. Bolingbroke knew the foremost writers of England, so that through him Voltaire could immediately make their acquaintance, except where language presented barriers. Bolingbroke called the triumvirate of the English Parnassus, Pope, Swift, and Gray, by their first names. Voltaire could not have had a better introduction to the literary and aristocratic world of England.

It was characteristic of the manners and customs of the day that Voltaire arrived in England supplied with letters of introduction from members of the very French Government that had exiled him. The abler men among the ministers were apparently ashamed that they had been obliged to exile a man, not because of any wrongs he had done, but because of the injustice he had suffered. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Morville, requested Horatio Walpole, a brother of the English Premier, Sir Robert Walpole, and Stair's successor as England's ambassador to France, to do all he could for the welfare of Voltaire on English soil. Walpole wrote the Duke of Newcastle a letter, in which he said, 'I trust you will pardon me when, at the earnest solicitation of M. de Morville, I recommend to you M. de Voltaire, a writer and a most talented one, who has recently come to England in order to have published through subscription a splendid poem called *Henry IV*. It is true that he has been imprisoned in the Bastille, but not on account of anything having to do with the Government. It was merely through a dispute with a private individual, and I therefore hope your Excellency will bestow on him your favor and protection by furthering the subscription.'

Walpole wrote a similar letter to Bubb Dodington, Duke of Melcombe, the rich and highly placed protector of men of letters, in whose house in Eastbury Voltaire lived for more than three

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months and whom he always remembered with gratitude as a wealthy, active man of keen intelligence and sound character.

In Eastbury, Voltaire made the acquaintance of Edward Young, who later was to win repute as a devotional writer, and eventually became his friend. Young had not then become a clergyman and had not yet written his *Night Thoughts*, which Voltaire later called a 'confusing mixture of bombastical and obscure trivialities.' In Eastbury, Voltaire met also James Thomson, the popular author of the *Seasons*, who left on him an impression of 'great genius and great simplicity.'

From the very first, therefore, Voltaire had access to the Minister, Robert Walpole, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Marlborough, and to the two Courts, to the King and to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Six years before, he had paid his respects, though only in a literary fashion, to King George I, when in 1718 he sent him his *Œdipe*, with flattering verses which have a humorous effect to-day. He termed the clumsy, boorish Hanoverian a man of wisdom and a hero, whereupon the King sent Lord Stair a watch as a gift to Voltaire. A letter from Voltaire to his Lordship requests that he send the watch to his father, for the poet evidently hoped to raise himself in his parent's eyes by showing that he received presents from an English monarch.

Shortly after his arrival, Voltaire found himself without funds. He had taken with him to London a letter of credit for 20,000 francs on a Jewish banker named Acosta, but as he had no immediate use for the money, he delayed presenting the order. When at last he went to Acosta, he found that the Jew had become a bankrupt the day before. He could give Voltaire only a few gold pieces. If the rumor can be trusted, George I, learning of the poet's troubles, sent him a hundred pounds. The money came at a crucial time, for he had not yet been paid any of his inheritance and his pensions from the King and Queen of France were forfeit, owing to his banishment.

During the earlier part of his stay in England, his pecuniary troubles placed many obstacles in his way. It was then customary for a guest, even at a dinner, to be very liberal with tips, and it became difficult for Voltaire to accept any invitations. When for the second time he was asked to dine at Lord Chesterfield's, he had to decline; the dinner would have been too costly.

At first Voltaire could associate only with Englishmen who understood French. Though he had learned at an early age to read English and had English books brought to him in the Bastille before his departure, it was impossible for him to express himself in the foreign language. His first visit to Pope at Twickenham, the poet's country place, was a dismal fiasco. Voltaire's English was absolutely unintelligible, and Pope did not speak a word of French, and read it only with the greatest difficulty. Later, when Voltaire not only read English without the aid of a dictionary, but also wrote it fluently, he was unable to overcome the difficulties of pronunciation.

The letters that Voltaire sent Thieriot from London were written in English, most certainly for the purpose of annoying the censor who opened them. Even for a long time after his return home he would frequently write in that language, and we learn from his contemporaries that when he had something confidential to say to Madame du Châtelet, when others were present, he was wont to speak English. As late as 1764, he conversed in fluent English with visitors to Ferney, and he could recite whole passages of Dryden from

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memory. During the last year of his life he spoke English with Franklin.

Voltaire was unable to see the greatest of all Englishmen. Isaac Newton was then declining rapidly and died on March 20, 1727, at the age of eighty-five years. Voltaire, who had come to England as an exile after having been assaulted by the flunkies of a duke, to his astonishment and admiration saw Newton's coffin borne to Westminster Abbey by six dukes and six counts, among them the Lord Chancellor of England. He saw science honored by men whose social positions and wealth were princely.

He realized what it meant that this England, which had beheaded one of its kings and deposed another, had also curbed the power of the church and granted full liberty to thought, speech, and writing. And he, who had dreamed in vain of a diplomatic career, observed how England honored men of science and of letters; both Newton and Locke had been rewarded with lucrative places within the country's administration; Addison had been Secretary of State and was buried in Westminster Abbey; both Prior and Gray had important posts as ambassadors. By paying his respects to Versailles, Voltaire had obtained only a pension of a few thousand francs, of which he was soon deprived: in England men of much less merit, such as Hughes, Rowe, Ambrose Philips, and Congreve, were rewarded with profitable sinecures. He saw art paid equal honors with science, even that theatrical art which French prejudice condemned. Molière, the greatest dramatist France had ever produced, had been shut out from the French Academy and could only be buried in the stillness of the night; but three years after Newton's burial, the famous English actress, Anne Oldfield, also found a tomb in Westminster Abbey, with honors almost equal to Newton's. In England, Shakespeare's memory was celebrated each year; in France, Molière's memory was neglected.

What most impressed Voltaire, who had come from a country where the gag was the sceptre, the chief instrument of the art of government, was the utter absence of such a thing in England. Here every writer, from Swift downward, could attack the policy of the cabinet with a derisive violence that in France would have put him behind the bars for life. Here no one touched a hair of his head. Most remarkable of all, he found this freedom of speech was perfectly consistent with peace and order.

Voltaire discovered that in England nobility did not stand for caste, but that the great merchant whose trade benefited England and the world was raised to the nobility while he gave his younger sons to civic enterprise and industry. It is unquestionable that his exile, meant as a punishment, brought the young writer knowledge and insight. It sharpened his sense for the actual and his instinct for the possible; it gave his inborn mental elasticity that ballast of practical understanding without which there can be no great writer. As with the flight of Mohammed from Mekka to Medina, eleven hundred years before, Voltaire's banishment to England became a hegira in his life.

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MONGOLIA AND ITS CLAIMANTS

BY A. E. KHODOROV

[The author of this article was the Far Eastern Commissioner of the Kerensky Government immediately after the overthrow of the Tsar. He is now living in Shanghai, whither he escaped during the Kolchak adventure.]

MONGOLIA, lying between Siberia and a half-circle of Chinese provinces, has an area of 1,400,000 square miles, and a population of more than 2,000,000. Outer Mongolia, as the boundary region near Siberia is called, is more thinly populated than Inner Mongolia, having about 500,000 Mongol and 200,000 Chinese inhabitants. It is a prairie country, considerably above sea level, where the principal industry is cattle-raising. Inner Mongolia, or the portion lying adjacent to Chinese territory, is a fertile agricultural land, with a denser population and more active commerce. It has accepted more willingly than Outer Mongolia the political overlordship of China.

The year 1912, when the Russo-Mongolian agreement was signed at Petrograd, is a turning-point in the complicated recent history of this region. That agreement, though liberal in appearance, was really an indenture of servitude for Mongolia. The Tsar's Government adopted the pose of a generous defender, ready to protect the country from Chinese aggression. It received the Mongolian princes, in 1912, with high honors, and induced them to declare Outer Mongolia independent of China and to sign the agreement just mentioned, which made the Tsar the protector of their territory.

This document provided, first, that the Imperial Russian Government should support the autonomous Government of Mongolia, and guarantee the latter the right to have a national army. The maintenance of China's troops in that province, or the colonization of its territories by Chinese, was to be prohibited. In return Russian citizens and business enterprises were to enjoy special rights and privileges in Mongolia.

Russia's purpose was to create a buffer state between her own Far Eastern possessions and China. The latter country was to be excluded from colonizing and trading in Mongolia, in the interest of Russian colonizers and merchants. Furthermore, the authorities of Petrograd desired to keep this important area clear of Chinese troops, in order to relieve their forces in Eastern Asia of the burden of protecting the border. After Siberia was sufficiently settled, moreover, it was thought that Russian colonists might push farther south into this region. In other words, the Tsar's Government was inspired in these negotiations solely by Imperialist motives.

A year later, Russia persuaded the Chinese Government to recognize Mongolian autonomy, and to promise not to interfere with the internal affairs of that country. China was also compelled to terminate her plans of colonizing Mongolia, and to withdraw the troops she had stationed there. In return, China's sovereign rights over the country were nominally recognized.

In 1914, just before the outbreak of the War, the Tsar's Government signed a new agreement with Mongolia, giving Russia the exclusive right

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to build railways through its territories, and thus riveted its fetters upon that country more firmly than ever.

In 1915, still another step was taken. The Tsar's representatives insisted that China and Mongolia enter into a treaty by which the latter country recognized the former's sovereignty, and renounced her right to make treaties with a third Power. This step, apparently inconsistent with the agreement already existing between Mongolia and Russia, was directed against Japan, whose Twenty-one Demands contained an assertion of her rights to Inner Mongolia. Fearing that Japan would push her ambitious enterprises as far as Outer Mongolia, the Tsar's agents inserted a third paragraph in the Agreement of 1915, which deprived both China and Mongolia of the right to make any treaty, with a third country, affecting the status of Mongolia itself.

The result was very similar to what occurred in Persia, where a nominally independent country was divided into two spheres of influence by Russia and Great Britain. In the present case, there is not the smallest doubt that, if the Tsar had not been overthrown, Russia and Japan would both have penetrated deeper into Mongolia, and eventually would have divided the spoils between them.

This was the situation when the Revolution of 1917 occurred. Late that year, the bandit Semenov appeared on Mongolian territory. This adventurer was a highly paid agent of Japan, who claimed descent from a Mongolian prince. His entry upon the stage began Japan's double game in regard to Outer Monoglia. At Peking she insisted that the autonomous rights of that country, already twice recognized by China, be annulled. She was supported in this policy by her tools, the An-fu Club and the An-fu Government, the head of which was Prime Minister Tuan. Her apology for this was the alleged danger that threatened China from the proximity of Soviet Russia.

In pursuit of this double game, Japan made a military agreement with the Conservative Peking Cabinet, in 1918, the contents of which were to be secret. It provided that China should send her troops into Mongolia as far as the Russian boundary, but that those troops should be commanded by Japanese. Japan was to place her own military instructors in Mongolia, and to establish military schools for Chinese soldiers in that country. The Chinese forces in Mongolia were formed into 'a special corps for defending the boundary,' and were to be commanded by Little Jui, — so called to distinguish him from Big Jui, his uncle, then President of the Republic, — a man who has been the evil genius of China. He is an influential An-fu, and violently pro-Japanese. After a stormy political career between 1916 and 1920, Little Jui was appointed Chief Commissioner of Mongolia and Commander of the Boundary Defense Corps. Thereby Japan entrusted to Chinamen loyally devoted to her interests the direction of the campaign against Soviet Russia, so far as Peking must be taken into consideration.

Simultaneously, Japan used Semenov, and a group of Mongolian supporters who were likewise in her pay, to agitate among the Mongolians for independence. These puppets were instructed to argue to the Mongolian princes and the Living Buddha: 'Why should Mongolia be satisfied with mere autonomy? Mongolia must be an independent monarchy, as she was in earlier eras of her glorious history. Let the Living Buddha be her Emperor, and Semenov her Minister of War.' Such a scheme naturally played into

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Japan's hands, for it meant an eventual Japanese protectorate over Mongolia, and a long step forward toward realizing the dream of Japanese Imperialists, to establish Tokyo's political hegemony over all the Mongolians of Asia.

This fine project had to be carried forward through more devious detours than was foreseen when it was first conceived. The troops that Little Jui brought with him to Mongolia soon fell into the practices of all unpaid soldiers of China, and set about robbing the peaceful people of the country. This angered the natives. Having once established himself along the boundary, Little Jui settled down on what he called 'a peaceful basis,' and busied himself, with his Japanese confederates, in making money out of the country.

While he was thus extracting profits from the Mongolian toilers, other military commanders arrived from China and insisted that the Mongolians renounce all claim to autonomy, and resume their old status as submissive subjects of the Flowery Kingdom. In November 1919, the priestly leaders and princes of the land petitioned Peking to make Mongolia again an inseparable part of the United Chinese Republic. The motives set forth in this petition are of historical interest. Certain Russian bandits — Semenov and Ungern — were trying to separate Mongolia from China, and to reëstablish the Mongolian Empire.

Mongolia's renunciation of autonomy and voluntary surrender to China was an act performed under duress, quite as truly as was her acceptance of the Russian protectorate a few years previously. The coercive character of this renunciation is the clearer when we recall that the soldiers of Little Jui, under his personal leadership, were ravaging Mongolia, plundering the people, and outraging their homes, at the very time this petition was presented.

With the defeat of the An-fu Party in China, — and among them Little Jui, — a new chapter begins in the relations of that country and Mongolia. Peking dismissed the Border Defense Corps. The masses of the Chinese people demanded that the military agreement between their country and Japan be repudiated. Tokyo lost her well-paid and obedient Chinese lackeys, who were compelled to seek sanctuary in the Japanese Embassy at Peking.

Thereupon the Japanese used the other string to their bow. Abandoning the attempt to subjugate Mongolia through Little Jui, they turned to their tools, Semenov and Ungern. However, Ungern's troops were badly beaten in the fall of 1920, and driven out of the Transbaikal country. Thereupon Japan arranged that the White Guard bands should be divided into three groups, to conduct partisan warfare respectively in the Maritime Provinces, Manchuria, and Mongolia. A beginning was made with the third group, operating from Urga as a base. The capture of that city in February 1921 was a Japanese enterprise, directed by Japanese officers, and in part accomplished by Japanese troops.

At first the Japanese adopted as their slogan, 'Independent Mongolia.' Ungern liberated the Living Buddha the day before he captured Urga, on February 4, 1921. The latter then issued a manifesto establishing a Mongolian Empire, of which he was to be Emperor, and appointing Ungern to a 'moderate post of command over the Mongolian armies.' The purpose was to convince the world that the Mongolians were fighting for freedom and trying to liberate themselves from Chinese tyranny.

However, Mongolia's problem cannot be solved by force. The desire of

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its people for independence, on a basis of peaceful and neighborly relations with both China and Soviet Russia, is beyond question. But this cannot come until the masses of the population have shown their ability to organize and maintain a Government competent to make treaties with other Powers. For the Mongolian question has now become an issue in which three countries besides itself, namely, China, Russia, and Japan, are vitally interested.

On the fifth of last November, the Russian Soviet Government and the People's Government of Mongolia signed a treaty abrogating all previous agreements between those two countries, and placing their relations on the same basis of mutual amity and reciprocity that usually exists between friendly and civilized nations.

LECCE

BY OSBERT SITWELL

[*Captain Sitwell is well known in England as one of the leaders of the* Wheels *group of radical poets, whose work was discussed in a recent issue of the* Living Age. *A controversial pamphlet from his pen, entitled* Who Killed Cock Robin? *and discussing the decline of English poetry, also stirred up a good deal of discussion a few months ago.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

As you approach the heel of Italy, the rocky mountains and clamoring green vegetation of the spring suddenly flatten themselves out into broad, flat wisps of land, lying low as a line of smoke upon the water. The sea itself is more flat, more blue, than any we have seen. It is not a sea of graduated and luminous color, as are those waters that cling so softly to the Sicilian and Neapolitan coasts, but a surface of deep blue, quiet and flat, hard, cool, but unyielding as an iron bar.

The gray shapes of the olive trees, fading into the pale, low coasts, are in contrast with the prickly pear and cactus that stand out in menacing, staccato attitudes against the glaring background. There are many blossoms here, burning stretches of yellow broom, small purple cactus-flowers that glow from the ground with a really hellish flame. Light blazes with unprecedented vigor on the land, and on the white houses that dance through the heat of the horizon — buildings blindingly white, square and squat as dolls' houses, throwing shadows on the ground that are more blue than our bluest summer skies. All these are flat-roofed, with an outside staircase, outlined like a box upon the roof, a white box from which a figure will emerge. For here, certainly, dwell those white-clothed, black-bearded figures that we see so lovingly portrayed by artists old and new, by Tiepolo and Longhi, by Picasso and Severini; here are the houses of that

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curious incarnation of the country, half Italian-Comedy, half Neapolitan John-Bull — Punchinello.

The land is sprinkled with towns whose Greek names remind us of their former greatness — Taranto, Otranto, Gallipoli — and many of the towns and fishing-villages still speak a Greek dialect. The olive trees here are older and more fruitful than any in Italy, and some of them may be the only relics of Magna Græcia. Set in these surroundings, seven miles from the sea, is Lecce, a city as beautiful, surely, as any that were in Greece, but very different in aspect and art. The country round is prosperous and healthy, while the horrible spectre of malaria, which has ruined most of Southern Italy, skulks far away, deep in the marshes of Brindisi, Bari, and Foggia.

The city itself is a pleasant and gay one, with a population of 40,000 — a large town for this district, larger than its neighbors, a clean town, with several other peculiarities.

It is always an interesting study to note at what date the cabs, that pass as current, were stranded in an Italian — or, as for that, in an English — provincial town. It has even been my good fortune to drive through London streets in a hansom cab with three wheels, the only specimen of its kind in the world, the invention of a black-bearded and eccentric driver. It was always surrounded by an admiring crowd, but has now vanished, I fear, with the tandem, the Library at Louvain, and other delightful things, into the crystal land of memory. Then, in a provincial town in France, there was a cab that must have been washed up in that backwater as early as 1830, a cab that was almost a 'chariot,' driven by a cabman whose flowing cloak and language took one back to the days of Byron and the Romantic Age.

But here in Lecce, so far away, so cut off from the rest of the country, the cab-collector may make a discovery. Usually the cabs of the South are small, becoming smaller as you get more South; but here, in the extremity of Italy, we found a new type, a 'Berlino,' — large as a house, shaky, uncomfortable, but unique, — a cab that cannot be opened. To what date do these dusty relics belong, to what does the name refer — to the Siege of Paris, or to some earlier catastrophe? Surely far before the Siege? Perhaps the Judgment of Paris; but then, where would Berlin come in?

There are charming restaurants, public gardens, and theatres in Lecce. Indeed, the theatrical fare is more varied than is ours in London. The night we arrived Marinetti's 'Futurists' were giving their 'Surprise Entertainment' at the chief theatre — for one night only. This was succeeded the following night by a Passion play. The population, unused to foreigners, are very friendly to them. They show their amiable feelings by a string of the most charmingly childlike questions, without any impertinent intention. 'You are very tall. How tall are you? Are all your family tall? How tall is your brother? And your father? How much is his income? How much is yours? How do you earn it?' These questions must be answered, but need not be answered correctly.

Few strangers visit Lecce. Even German visitors are scarce, though Gregorovius delivered himself, some fifty years ago, of the heavy dictum that 'Lecce is the Florence of Rococo Art.' The town seems to have attracted little attention from English travelers, with one notable exception; for there is an extremely interesting book on Lecce written by the eminent architect, Mr. Martin Briggs.

The two chief statements to be made about the city are these. Firstly, it

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possesses its own architecture, baroque and rococo, but absolutely unconnected with the rest of that architecture in Italy — a unique flowering of traditional architecture, caused by local conditions; secondly, this architecture is one of surpassing beauty and distinction. It is this second statement that needs making, for though people are willing to admit the interest of Lecce, yet so afraid are they of the gaunt shadow of Ruskin, that last of Old Testament Prophets, with his Seven Deadly Lamps, that they dare not even consider late Italian art — they will not compare this lovely growth of architecture with its earlier peers; they dare not cry 'New Lamps for Old,' and admit that this form of beauty rivals any other in Italy.

As to local conditions, Lecce was in many ways peculiarly favored. Always a rich town for its size, it was originally an independent duchy, and when finally absorbed in the rascally Kingdom of Naples, — traditionally the most evil in Europe, the seat of a perpetual though varying tyranny, — it was happily too distant to have its art sense crushed, though the full blossoming was retarded for nearly a hundred years. From the twelfth century onward this city was the centre of a local culture and learning, having a literature and school of painting of its own, as well as its paramount art.

But the greatest advantage Lecce possesses, above all other towns, is its wealth of beautiful stone, cropping up to the surface. This material is so quickly quarried, so easily cut, that building is always cheap (even now building is in full progress), and the softness of this stone allows the rich imagination of the South an unparalleled outlet. It can be carved like wood, fretted into foam, drawn into a thousand lace-like designs and cobwebs. When the building is finished, the stone yields its last gift to man, hardening so that it outlasts our Northern granite.

The stone varies in color from a tone that is almost white to the richest golden color; or if, as in the surrounding villages, you prefer whitewash, the peculiarly flat, even grain of the stone puts any whited sepulchre to shame, flashing mirror-like reflections into the brilliant air. This gives the prevailing impression of dazzling whiteness to the country round; even after dark the impression is the same, for you see the houses many hundreds of yards away, so luminous are they in the Italian night.

There were two great periods of building in Lecce: one from 1540 to 1590, the other from 1660 to 1720. Perhaps the latter is the more interesting, the more full in expression; and it produced two architects of genius, Timbalo and his pupil Cino. The break between these two periods was caused by the tyrannical government of Naples, and the consequent insurrections, such as Masaniello's Revolt.

Perhaps the most lovely buildings in the town are to be found in the Piazza della Prefettura. Here stand the Church of Santa Croce, built about 1580, and next to it the Palazzo della Prefettura, built as a convent, by Timbalo, between the years 1680 and 1690.

It is curious to observe how strong is the Byzantine influence in the Church, late as it is in date, reminding us how near we are to Greece — only about fifty miles across the sea. Three large pillars, with capitals of marvelous luxuriance and invention, rise on each side of a fine doorway with smaller double columns; over these are numerous figures, monsters and animals, that guard and support the rose window above them. Kneeling negro slaves, as fierce as any that crouch in Africa, yet conventional as a clipped poodle; proud eagles with golden scales instead of

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feathers, winged bulls, and many fabulous beasts of great elegance peer at you from their ledge. The window above them is framed by a surge of cupids, mermaids, roses, and tritons, and all that blessed paraphernalia of the Renaissance that came to set the minds of men free again; you feel that the hateful age of armor is over — a respite that lasted for three hundred years. So lovely is this golden color, so exquisite the workmanship, so complete the unity, that there can be few churches more beautiful in the world.

The Palace next to the Church, joined to it, is equally elaborate. Two stories high, the windows are divided by pilasters of cut stone, rising from the ground with incredible grace. The windows are works of rich fantasy, tapering into strange patterns, culled from the common sights of the Leccese countryside, from the full curl of the cabbage leaf, as lovely as any acanthus, from the swags of purple flowers that drop formally from each side of a swelling Spanish balcony, from the wreaths and strings of tomatoes that are hung up to dry on the white village houses in the rich sunlight of the autumn. All these things are converted into formal patterns by a great genius; for Timbalo was that, certainly, as was his contemporary Wren. The general effect of these two buildings is so new, so strange, that it seems the architecture of another planet. But where else, except at Venice, can you find two adjacent buildings, of varying periods, so different and yet so harmonious?

One good building, — here there are a thousand, — one touch of imagination, can improve the style of an entire town, especially if that town is not recognized as an art centre. Venice, for instance, is known to be one of the world's most beautiful cities. Immediately an army of upholsterers invade it, putting the old capitals of the pillars into the dark interior of museums, where they wait for the Judgment Day in dust and silence, substituting new ones they have cut themselves in their art studies, converting palaces into newly mosaicked mansions for the profiteer, inflicting a thousand little tortures of brick and stone, but mostly of marble, on the unsuspecting corpse of the city. Its palaces and churches become the model for every gas works and sewage farm in Europe. Venice is spoiled, and the gas works loses its chance of a beauty that is engineering.

Brighton, on the other hand, has no reputation as an art-centre, but possesses, quite unsuspected by its citizens, of course, one building, not of the highest order, but none the less with a touch of imagination, especially visible in its interior decoration. This palace has nobly influenced the common architecture of Brighton, and when the casual visitor, walking along the sea-front, wonders why Brighton has a certain charm, why this arcade is rather graceful, why this cornice is less hideous, this railing less vile, than it would be in London, the answer is — Brighton Pavilion! But the upholsterers here have not found this out, though the Pavilion would give them a style nearer to upholstery than that which they generally make use of. The lesson, which one hopes Venice will one day take to heart, is that Waring & Gillows and the Little Art-Shops are the menace, and not the poetry of Signor Marinetti and his disciples.

However, — to return to the sparkling voices and shrill cries of the South, — Lecce has a thousand beautiful buildings and no reputation; it has therefore never indulged in the intricacies of Venetian or Chinese Gothic, or in any variant of restaurant-car architecture. The lovely florid style of the early eighteenth century gradually refined itself into the shepherdess lines of 1780,

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and then into plainly built, simple houses.

The town also possessed a school of painters, rather in the Veronese tradition, the last of whom, Orrigo Tiso, died as lately as 1800. In the picture gallery there are few notable works, but there are some pleasant ones in the Liceo Reale, formerly a Jesuit convent.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, Southern Italy produced a horde of miracle-workers and saints. To one of the most extraordinary of these we are introduced by Mr. Norman Douglas in his delightful book, *Old Calabria*. We refer to San Giuseppe di Copertina, the Flying Monk. This brown-clad brother, who should be the patron saint of the Air Force, could fly in at any door or window without the aid of mechanical contrivances. His secret apparently died with him — but he was canonized.

San Giuseppe was born at Copertina, a few miles from Lecce, and here, in the Liceo, what was our delight to find a hitherto unrecorded portrait of this remarkable man, doing a trial flight, with even, perhaps, a suspicion of latter-day 'stunting.' Clad in his brown habit, the reverend gentleman is in mid-air, with arms stretched out, high up, inclining, if one may use the expression, to a nose-dive, while an elegant assembly of Leccese ladies and gentlemen of the middle eighteenth century, in white wigs and gay brocades, watch him with mingled interest and anxiety.

The other pictures in the building are not so interesting; but there are some frescoes in various churches by the Verrio family, who, hailing from Lecce, eventually transferred some of the miracles of the South to the walls and ceilings of English country-houses.

After the Piazza della Prefettura, the most beautiful piazza in the town is that outside the Cathedral, a fine building of the early sixteenth century. It is a square full of palaces, one of which, the Seminario, rivals the Prefettura, and is the work of Cino, the pupil of Timbalo, who built it about 1705. Here, also, is the Archbishop's Palace, a delightful loggia'd building of the middle of the same century, less rich but equally elegant. The whole square has only one opening, tapering to a very graceful gateway opposite the Cathedral.

It was our good fortune to see this great square illuminated on the night of Good Friday. The Church dares to move with the times in the fanatic atmosphere of Southern Italy, and a lavish use was made of electric light. By the side of the Cathedral, a large plaster grotto, brilliantly lit, displayed the various tragic scenes of Our Lord's life. All the palaces and houses were decorated with lines and garlands of lights. Trumpets brayed mournfully in the distance, and from the darkness of the streets came a procession of strange figures, some of whom held high up the illuminated Sacred Images and relics.

All the men were masked — figures from some ballet of Callot, or a drawing of the Inquisition by Della Bella or Goya. Some were dressed in flowing black, with wide black hats, their eyes gleaming through the two slits in the long black cloth that fell over their faces. Some were dressed in light blue and pink, a sort of shirt of blue and coat of pink, with large red hats, like the hats of Cardinals; others wore robes of silk and purple. Then came an army of children, singing in time to the slow waltz played by the band that followed, singing in the peculiarly nasal, shrill voice of the South. The thousands of lights showed up the intricacy of the architecture above. The gloomy, bearded face of a monk peered down from an upper window, framed in a triumphant swirl of mermaids, roses, and cupids, while the procession slowly filed round the square and into the darkness beyond.

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THE CRISIS OF THE GERMAN STATE

BY M. J. BONN

From *Die Neue Rundschau, June*
(BERLIN LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE Great War and its results have not succeeded in wrecking the German Commonwealth, although they have seriously shaken it. But there is danger — and serious danger — that the bond that unites the people of the German race will be torn asunder by themselves.

During the War, the German conception of the State was fearfully overstrained. The teachers of all grades, who through decades had unweariedly taught patient and receptive pupils that the individual was nothing and the State everything, were summoned to testify to their faith on every ocean and on the battle fields of three continents. Greek political philosophy and Prussian drill had prepared the nation for the bloody hecatombs of the war. However, just when the deification of the State had, for the first time in history, become a literal reality in Germany, — just when it had converted the people into a machine, where the individual was merely a humming wheel without a will of his own and utterly subservient to an all-powerful Government, — the State itself was already crumbling from within.

In England, France, and America, the men at the head of affairs, after wavering for a period, were able to set before their people unshakable ideals and objectives, and to inspire them to sacrifices that won the things they sought. In Germany it was otherwise. Although the German people were ready to testify over and over again to their faith in the doctrines of their leaders, and although individuals freely gave their lives for that teaching, the State itself was already tottering, precisely because it was the sole ideal for which the nation fought.

A single head presided over the Government, which incorporated the German idea of the State. This was the Kaiser. He, however, applied the maxim of constitutional government, 'The King rules, but he does not govern,' in an entirely different sense from that which it originally conveyed. He had become a political figurehead; and although he still placed his moral influence at the service of the civilian heads of the Government, he was not strong enough to keep military rebels, opposed to all civil authority, from undermining the foundations of the State. The statesmen whose duty it was to define our war-aims so that the German people would recognize them as their own, were constantly hampered by the men whose duty it was to use all the physical power of the State to attain those ends.

More than that, the men entrusted with authority over the armed forces of the nation — a trust that should be enough to satisfy the most unbounded ambition — tried to compel the political heads of the Government to adopt increasingly ambitious war-aims, although they themselves recognized that only by a miracle would the nation's strength suffice to gain even the old objectives. To the outside world, the person of the Kaiser partially concealed the cleft that already split asunder the German Government. None

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the less, the discrepancies between our war-aims and our power to attain those aims created a constant conflict within that Government. This internal struggle so strained the structure of the German State that a revolution different from any other in recorded history overwhelmed it. This revolution was no mighty earthquake, where lurid craters inflamed the heavens; it was the almost silent sinking of age-cooled crusts, over the fallen edges of which molten lava surged.

This revolution swept into office a political party that believed the State all-powerful. The German Social Democrats were ready to entrust unbounded tasks to the Government. In spite of the lessons they should have learned from our unhappy experience during the War, their faith in governmental machinery was unshaken.

Before the revolution, our Government rested largely upon two institutions: landed property and bureaucracy. Gradually bureaucracy gained the ascendancy, and conceived the idea that public officials were competent to solve all the problems and perform all the tasks that the welfare of the nation could demand. Meanwhile, however, two new forces were rising to prominence behind this governmental façade — big business and organized Labor. Both were products of our economic evolution. For big business, the centre of all economic life was prices; for Labor, it was wages. In their determination to control these, the two groups strove for political power. Thus both became an integral part of the State structure. Big business owed much to government aid, such as protective tariffs. It had long since passed the stage where it required the help of bureaucrats to gain its strictly economic ends. Big business privately despised officialdom, and influenced it by backstairs methods; but it needed this political ally in its struggle with organized Labor. It was not able to forbid trades-unions, but it often sought to limit their powers and their field of action. Big business knew that, when it came to the point, the Government would be on its side. The working people, swayed powerfully by ideals, opposed the existing Government, but were not hostile to government as an institution. Indeed, they were passionate advocates of an all-powerful administration, which should regulate our economic life according to the rules of justice, and they looked forward with hope to the day when they themselves would hold that Government in their hands.

On November 9, 1918, this moment came. The day when the German Government and the German working classes seemed to have become one and the same thing, and when Germany began its brief experience with a Labor Administration, big business and a large fraction of the educated classes became at heart alienated from the State. The old State had disappeared. The new State sought to realize socialist ideals. Perhaps it would be possible to prevent that. But it would not be possible, at least for any period in the future which the business leaders of the nation could then foresee, to recover their former mastery of the new Government.

However, the employing classes did not immediately adopt an attitude of opposition. They merely turned their back on the Government, and went about their private affairs. They saw that Germany was destined to experience a period of intense industrial activity such as the world had never seen, provided, of course, the spectre of Bolshevism could be banished. While fanciful theorists, mostly without any grounding in real economic knowledge, drafted gorgeous plans for a new world

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order, in which capitalism would not exist, the leaders of the German business world were quietly and doggedly laying the foundations for a new German capitalism, so deep and strong that only a Russian hurricane could shake them. Thanks to favorable conditions, they were able to erect a vast economic monopoly, such as no other country has ever witnessed; and sweeping aside the last traces of free competition, they demanded of the Government an unhampered right to work their will.

Simultaneously the new Government, aided by a bureaucracy that had proved highly efficient in the days before the War, — but sorrowfully inefficient in dealing with the economic problems of the war itself, — labored industriously to build up a new communal organization of industry.

However, the new Government soon lost faith in itself. The War seemed to prove that the boundaries within which a successful, systematic, state-controlled industry could operate were exceedingly narrow. The advocates of Government control of industry speedily lost favor, even among the Social Democrats. The Soviet idea, which came to us from Russia, undermined the faith of the working classes in a strong, democratic, efficient central authority. During this period of fantastic plans, romantic visions of Russia, bureaucratic incompetence, and shrewd scheming by special interests, countless local self-governing bodies sprang up in all branches of industry, and used the slogan, 'Socialization,' to usurp the functions of the Central Government. Employers, employees, and public officials who sat on these Boards did not occupy themselves with the direct administration of the industries in their charge, but rather with the prices that consumers would have to pay for the products of those industries. So the principle of self-government was used as a cloak under which to perfect monopolies where employers and employees conspired together to practise extortion on the community at large. Employees imagined that the interests of the community and of themselves were sufficiently guarded if they had equal representation on these Boards. They did not see that they often became mere tools in the hands of their employers. Such Boards reached their highest development in industries catering mainly to foreign markets.

These powerful associations of employers and employees gradually grew stronger, until they felt themselves quite as powerful as the Government itself. Immediately after the Kapp Revolt, an active agitation was started to form a new Labor Government, consisting of representatives of trades-unions of all political faiths. Such a Government would not have been responsible to Parliament, and, through Parliament, to the voters. It would have been merely a tool of the labor unions.

Similar though more disguised efforts in the same direction were made by the captains of industry. These revealed themselves particularly in two fields. The strength of every Government rests ultimately upon its treasury. The financial resources of the German Commonwealth were sadly impaired by war, revolution, and our reparations payments. It has become impossible to collect a just proportion of the taxes from those best able to bear them. Our industrial leaders admit this, after a fashion. They never weary of discanting upon the failure of government industry, and of telling us in what splendid condition private industry remains. They thus confess, although unconsciously, that private industry denies the Government the means necessary for its own existence.

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It has always been a fundamental principle of public finance that 'the best treasury of a prince is the pockets of his subjects.' To-day the mighty masters of our business world brazenly declare that their pockets are overflowing; that the public treasury is empty because the Government is too weak to collect its dues. Private business will not support a Government that no longer stands ready to perform its bidding. The middle classes of Germany and, with them, the finest bloom of our culture and civilization, are being submerged in a flood of paper money, because great industrial leaders regard our present Government as played out, and prefer to have it supported by inflation, rather than by taxes. They no longer feel personally responsible for our public obligations.

In so doing, however, they greatly underestimate our political vitality. Evil as is the situation of the German Government to-day, it has none the less been able to procure billions in the form of loans, by issuing treasury bills. We have built up many great business enterprises abroad, because the Government has stood behind their promotors. If the Government itself cannot obtain direct loans in other lands, this is not because its credit is less secure than that of German private business, but because a priority debt of 138 billion gold marks has been recorded against it through the London Ultimatum.

Some of our great manufacturers, however, are not content with a purely negative attitude: they are consciously endeavoring to destroy the last vestige of political power that still survives. They are grasping after our railways, not because these show a deficit, but because control of the railways would give them absolute control of all other business. A solidly established Government can get along without public ownership; but a State whose vital processes are at their lowest ebb cannot permit private interests thus to throttle it, whether those interests be capitalist or communist.

A glance at our foreign policy also shows how far the disintegration of Germany's political organism has advanced. Foreign policy affords a better insight into the character and individuality of a nation than does domestic policy. Even before the War, our unity of action in respect to other Governments had been seriously impaired. On the one hand, a radical Labor movement emphasized the international solidarity of the working classes, and advocated a division of civilized mankind into horizontal class-strata embracing all peoples, instead of into national units as at present.

On the other hand, economic questions had acquired primacy in our foreign relations. Commercial treaties, colonial development, and international finance were assuming a preponderant rôle. Our great industries were spontaneously extending beyond our political frontiers and combining with the industries of other countries into international groups. These world cartels paid little heed to purely national economic policies, and even defied and paralyzed them. While the battle cry, 'Proletarians of all countries, unite,' resounded in the conclaves of international Labor, great industrial groups were silently but effectively putting into practice the principle, 'Capitalists of all countries, unite.'

The tactics of these capitalist-amalgamations is to confront the political authorities with accomplished facts. That is not a new phenomenon. The Jameson raid in South Africa was intended to force the British Government to annex the Transvaal. Over and over again, American petroleum magnates have brought about a crisis in Mexico for the purpose of compelling

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their country to annex its neighbor. The enterprises of the Mannesmann brothers in Morocco were another example of the same kind.

So we are face to face with a situation where certain powerful business groups are openly striving to take foreign policies out of the hands of the people's representatives, and not only to shape those policies in conformity with their own interests, but actually to administer them. Often, doubtless, they do this in the honest belief that their private interests and the interests of the nation as a whole are in complete agreement. Purely economic motives are naturally kept in the background by these people; they disguise their designs under more or less idealistic professions. We have a striking illustration of this in the Fiume romance of the Italian Fascisti, and in the religious and patriotic appeals of the Ulsterites.

During the War, a vigorous agitation started in Germany in favor of giving our foreign policy a definite business guise. People felt that our diplomacy hitherto had proved a dismal failure. They jumped at the conclusion that our ambassadors were at fault. Some grasped eagerly at this explanation because those officials had not been quite as active as they desired in forwarding their private business enterprises. We were told that the German diplomats lacked political insight, when the truth really was that the German Government had disregarded the reports of its regular representatives abroad, because great business interests at home brought pressure to bear in a contrary direction. So many men had no eye for anything but the economic aspect of political problems that they came to believe that politics was nothing but economics. Since our industrial magnates had repeatedly outwitted their foreign competitors, we assumed offhand that business shrewdness must embrace diplomatic ability. People argued seriously that German foreign policy would surely succeed if we substituted merchants for diplomats, or if we insisted that our diplomatic representatives be thoroughly grounded business men.

The great convulsion that followed the War drove from public life nearly every eminent diplomatist of the Imperial period. We tried to fill their places, so far as possible, with practical business men, or by promoting consuls whose functions had previously been mainly of a business character. We adopted this policy just when professional diplomacy of the old type had given us the Versailles Treaty, which blatantly violated every dictate of business and economic wisdom. But even had the situation been different, neither our consuls nor the new diplomats recruited from business careers could have mastered the economic problems that confronted us. A knowledge of economic facts — especially that kind of information that we derive second- or third-hand — is something very different from understanding economic phenomena in sequence, especially sequences and relations of the world-wide character with which we must deal to-day.

This has been demonstrated in nearly every one of our Government departments. In all of them concessions have been made to the spirit of the times, and many new men have been pressed into service. But that vigorous instinct of self-preservation that we find in all old established institutions resulted in the speedy dismissal of the more gifted and competent men among these newcomers; while the incompetents among them were easily assimilated into the old organization. Among the theorists special favor was shown to those who had no theory, and among practical

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men those were preferred who possessed no practical experience. Thus we survived the chaos of the moment. This obstinate conservatism was not altogether a bad thing, for the new men whom the various parties sought to put in office were stronger in orthodoxy than in administrative skill and experience. However, the outcome was that the economic wisdom and the political good-will of our Government bureaus proved inadequate to solve the great problems that faced them.

During the Imperial régime, political competence and genius received so little encouragement that we rarely bred eminent statesmen. Whenever a public man showed signs of marked ability, he was regarded as dangerous. We were indignant if the head of a ministry was not as familiar with all the details of departmental administration as his chief clerk, although he might possess a comprehensive and broad knowledge of affairs and a marvelous grasp of situations and personalities. People secretly rejoiced if a man of character and insight found conditions in the Foreign Office so uncomfortable that he voluntarily left the service. The head of a ministry looked to his 'experts' for positive facts.

The modern world cannot solve its economic problems without the cooperation of the people immediately associated with business life. England, where modern methods of government originated and are still practised at their best, long since recognized this. British parliamentary inquiries, based on the testimony of men of practical affairs, have given us hundreds of volumes of reports replete with valuable information. These reports often introduce radical legislative reforms. Besides such public inquiries, British statesmen consult confidentially the leading men of their business world. But the British Government draws upon such sources for information only. It does not permit its informants to determine its actions. It collects its evidence from people whom it trusts. It does not permit itself to be imposed upon by lobbyists of special interests. While Parliament and officials are grateful to their informants, they do not feel bound to follow their advice. The Government decides what it wishes to do, and discusses with these lay advisers and informants only how best to attain that object.

In Germany, on the other hand, interested parties are called into council, less for the information they can give than in order to forestall their opposition. Officials fear private interests more than they do political parties. So the Government has allowed its business advisers to usurp political functions.

This situation reached a climax during the negotiations at Spa, in the summer of 1920, when the German ministry asked Mr. Stinnes to state our country's case to the Allies. His delivery on the subject contained nothing new, and could contain nothing new; but it carried the weight of a political pronouncement by our Government. People in Germany rejoiced at the time, saying, 'At last, someone has told those people [the Allies] what they ought to know.' Apparently they did not comprehend that this constituted an humiliating abdication by the German Foreign Office. For when a Government, dealing with the heads of other Governments, requests that its adviser be heard on a technical question, and this adviser, without previously consulting his Government, thereupon airs his personal political opinions, that Government has virtually abdicated in his favor. If the Government had arranged beforehand with its adviser what he was to say, it merely put on his shoulders a responsibility that it should have borne itself. We cannot

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blame Mr. Stinnes for taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered to deliver an argument in favor of his private foreign policy. The Administration that gave him that opportunity had, of its own motive, put the conduct of our foreign affairs in the hands of a private individual.

Since then, however, we have witnessed an improvement. The political influence of purely business advisers is on the wane; but the effort to substitute private foreign policies for Reichstag and Cabinet foreign policies has not ceased.

Great labor associations still try to enforce international programmes, subserving primarily their class interests; and great business groups still make alliances with similar groups in other countries, that form international monopolies.

So, while nationalist agitation and nationalist passion are excited to the utmost at home, we are becoming involved in new international entanglements, under the naïve assumption that, so long as our private interests thrive abroad, our national interests will be sufficiently protected beyond our borders. Our great business leaders show unbounded respect for foreign Governments, and are ready to follow their slightest bidding; but they hold their own Government in abject contempt.

Last summer, when German industrialists volunteered to place their credit at the disposal of the German Government to guarantee the payment of our reparations obligations, and demanded in return that the German railroads be turned over to them, they must have known that the Government could not accede to this demand. Notwithstanding this, they actually began negotiations in London for taking our railroads out of the hands of the State. This attempt to shape our foreign relations in accordance with private, rather than governmental, policies continues. Both at home and abroad, powerful influences are at work promoting the idea of an industrial system transcending the state — all-powerful, purely economic monopolies in which employees may participate. To this idea, the cultural interests of the German nation may be sacrificed. That is the crisis we face at present. Unless we survive it successfully, Germany in the near future will represent nothing more to the other nations than an economic concept.

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GIANTS OF THE DEEP

BY SIR WILLIAM BOYD DAWKINS

[*Sir William Boyd Dawkins is honorary professor of geology and palæontology in Victoria University, Manchester. He is one of the oldest British scientists, and was Lowell lecturer in Boston in* 1880.]

From the *Manchester Guardian*
(Radical-Liberal Daily)

From time to time we are reminded by the reports of sailors, and by the remains cast up on the shores of the world, that the sea is inhabited by creatures of a size almost fabulous and totally unlike the whales and other giants of the deep that are familiar to us. The following account of a discovery made on the coast of Mozambique is of particular interest, because it is written by a resident accustomed to deal with the natives, who is also a competent observer. It is a translation of a letter to me.

A marine monster belonging to the Cephalopoda (*i.e.*, cuttlefishes and so forth) was stranded on this African coast near Beira by the last equinoctial gales (September 1921). It was found by the Kafirs, who were at first scared by its frightful aspect, and who then proceeded to cut it up for food — an operation which lasted twelve days. A strange rumor had been in circulation for several days among the natives in the villages of the vicinity of Beira. It was said that an enormous sea-serpent (in Portuguese, great sea-cobra) had been drifting for some time along the coast, having come from the north after the great storm in September; that this serpent had three heads (other natives said that it had five heads); and that it was as bulky as the hull of a tug. An old Kafir chief informed me that it had only one enormous head — large as the top of the lighthouse at Macuti — but that it had five arms, and that these arms were the length and girth of the small wild palm trees which grow on the sand dunes along the shore; also that it had two eyes, twice as large as the lights of a motor-cycle.

With these statements, more or less contradictory, before me I decided to go to the place of the discovery, and took with me a photographer. This is what I found. In the terrible heat of the sun, and in an overpowering stench, about twenty Kafirs were at work hacking with their axes at an enormous brown gelatinous mass that resisted the axe like India-rubber. It measured six metres (19 ft. 6 in.) long, three metres (9 ft. 10 in.) broad, and 1.20 metre (3 ft. 11 in.) high. It was embedded by its weight in the sand. The weight may be estimated at from six to eight tons. It was the posterior part of the beast.

From time to time, the Kafirs had to sharpen their axes because the flesh was so difficult to cut. This flesh was without fat and without bones, and was compacted with coarse fibres running through it. The color was in some places brick red, in others yellow. This change of tint in the sections may have been due to the decomposition, more or less pronounced, of the monster. While they were cutting it up, small

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streams of pale blood trickled from the skin. I observed on the back ropelike masses of apparently muscular fibre hanging in festoons and widened at the ends where they rested on the sand. Lower down on the sides of this mass of flesh there were semi-circles in relief, reminding one of the footprints of an elephant.

After my companion had taken two photographs we beat a hasty retreat, for the smell of the beast would soon have been the death of us. No army could resist a gas so asphyxiating, and if a diabolical chemist or a 'benefactor of the human race' were able to find the formula for the poison there would be no more war. The Kafirs also were in hasty flight.

The next day being cloudy, I was able to assist at the cutting-up of the last chunk, which weighed something like two tons. When it had been turned over in the hole I observed some fleshy apertures, red like the insides of gigantic sea shells, and twice as large as the mouth of a megaphone. I caused some of the flesh to be burnt. It became brown on the surface and shriveled up, as would a cuttlefish fresh from the sea if you tried to roast it. I observed no trace of fat.

This, dear sir, is all that I saw and have to report in examining to the best of my ability this monster of the tropical water of Mozambique. Of its exact length I have no certain knowledge. The Kafirs, disputing among themselves, asserted in reply to my questions that it was but a part of the monster which was washed up on the other side of the lighthouse at Macuti; that when it was drifting further toward the north and was entire it had such and such a length; that it had since been cut in two by a steamer, and that it had at first resembled a great serpent.

I had hoped by placing stakes on the shore to arrive at a measure, approximately exact, of the length of the animal when it was first discovered on the sand near Macuti, but the conflicting statements of the Kafirs make it to vary from 30 to 50 metres (98 to 164 ft.).

The two photographs mentioned above add the further facts that this mutilated mass of flesh had a smooth skin, was oval in section, and was composed of strong and tough muscular fibres. We may now proceed to sum up the evidence as to which of the monsters of the deep the fragment can be assigned to.

The seas of Mozambique have been for centuries the hunting-grounds of whalers in search of oil, spermaceti, and ambergris, and the cachalot or sperm whale — their principal quarry — sometimes measures more than 80 feet long. It may be suggested that the fragment in question is a section of a whale, after the blubber has been stripped. But this is negatived by the fact that the adipose tissue and oil which permeate the flesh and even the bones of whales are conspicuous by their absence. Also it is not possible for a section of a whale of that size to have been made without including the bones of the spinal column or of the fins. There are no bones. It may also be noted that the whalers only cut off the head and hoist it on board to get the spermaceti, and are in the habit of casting the body adrift, after being stripped of blubber, without troubling to cut it up. It cannot, therefore, be assigned to a whale, and must belong to a boneless monster without adipose tissue, such as is represented by the great cuttlefishes forming the main food of the cachalot in the seas off Mozambique.

When the cachalots are harpooned, they disgorge bits of the arms and tentacles of cuttlefish, as large as a

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quarter cask, which have been bitten off creatures of a size rarely seen by man. It is to one of these that the fragment must be referred. This conclusion is confirmed by the account given by the Kafirs, who saw the monster when it was entire. The enormous head with its large staring eyes, 'like the lights of a motor cycle,' and the long arms and tentacles round the head are all marked characteristics of the cuttlefish. The specimen photographed is probably a portion of the hinder part of the beast, composed of a solid mass of flesh. Without attaching undue importance to estimates of size and weight, we may take it to be a well-authenticated fragment of the largest of these mollusks of which, up to the present time, we have any record.

The actual size of the fragment left after the Kafirs had been at work upon it for many days is shown in the photograph by the figures standing close by. The entire animal — head, body, and tentacles — may have been as long as the estimate of my correspondent. It probably belongs to the group of giant cuttlefishes known as architeŭthis, of which we give a figure taken from the work on conchology by G. W. Tryon. Here the animal, captured off the coast of Newfoundland, had a body 9 feet in length and tentacles 27 feet long, from which we may infer the enormous size of the individual to which the fragment belonged. It is very unlikely that this is the largest of its kind awaiting discovery in the seas of the world.

The smaller members of the same class (Decapoda) — the squids — living in the shallow water of the whole world are commonly known as devilfishes because of their strange shape and their deadly method of attack with their powerful arms. The great staring eyes, too, have a cold, dæmonic expression, and the horny cups of the suckers of the arms and tentacles are driven into the flesh not only by muscular force but by the pressure of the atmosphere. They also have the faculty of changing their color like a chameleon, so as to match their surroundings and be practically invisible, as well as of squirting out an inky fluid to cover their movements.

Even those with a body only a foot or so long are dangerous, and there are many cases of women and children, wading in the pools at low water, having been overpowered by them. They lie in wait in the shallows. Fastening one arm to a stout stalk of the great sea wrack and stiffening out the other seven, the creature can hardly be distinguished from the wrack itself. It patiently waits until a fish touches one of the arms, which at once fastens on its prey, followed by the other arms and the two tentacles, which convey it to the centre of the disk, where it is seized by the beak and rapidly swallowed.

Man is attacked exactly in the same manner, as may be seen in the following case, recently recorded in the press. A diver at work off the coast of Alaska had one of his arms pinned to his side by a devilfish that was firmly anchored to a rock. While he vainly attempted to free himself, his other arm was also fixed, and he would undoubtedly have lost his life had he not been at once pulled up into the diving-vessel, fast bound in the overlapping arms and tentacles. Even then he was with difficulty freed from the ferocious beast, that let go its hold and fell back into the sea.

The larger species are undoubtedly the most formidable inhabitants of the sea, not excepting the sharks, and as they are free swimmers in the middle depths of the ocean they are rarely seen by man, and are for the most part

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known by pieces of enormous arms, generally seen floating on the surface when a cachalot is harpooned, and by a few stray fragments cast up on the shore. There are, however, a few cases in which a whole animal has been captured.

Pliny, for example, tells us of a gigantic cuttlefish caught by fishermen on the coast of Spain as it was eating their catch of fish. Its head was shown to Lucullus and was as large as a barrel, and its arms were 30 feet long, each with numerous basin-shaped suckers. Its weight is given as 700 pounds. But we need go no farther than the coast of the British Isles for other examples. One of the most striking is the story told in the *Zoölogist* of June 1875, of the capture of one of these monsters in the Atlantic near Innis Boffin on the Connemara coast. Three fishermen in a currach — or boat made of tarred canvas stretched over a wooden frame — observed a great floating mass surrounded by gulls, and as they got nearer they recognised it as an enormous cuttlefish lying perfectly still. Although they had only one knife between them, they resolved to get some of the flesh to bait their lines. They paddled up and cut off one of its arms which came within their reach. The cuttlefish made at once for the open Atlantic, followed by the currach. The men kept out of the reach of the arms and tentacles, which were lashing out in every direction, and cut off the arms one by one, until, after a running chase of five miles, they succeeded in killing their prey. The body was as long as the currach (10 to 12 feet), far too large to be lifted out of the sea. The head was cut off and taken to shore with some of the arms and tentacles. The head weighed 112 pounds, the arms were 8 feet long, and the two tentacles were 30 feet. These remains were scientifically examined at the time, and were sent to the Museum of the Royal Society in Dublin. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of the remarkable adventure.

Mr. Tryon, the eminent American conchologist, gives a somewhat similar case of a fight between fishermen and a gigantic cuttlefish, in 1873, off the coast of Newfoundland. Two men fishing in Conception Bay, in October 1873, put out to a dark, shapeless, floating mass that they took to be wreckage, and one of them struck it with a boat hook. At once the inert mass sprang into life, showed its great eyes and parrot-shaped beak, and 'suddenly shot out from around its head several long arms of corpse-like fleshiness, grappling with them for the boat and seeking to envelop it.' Two of these, which reached the boat and went completely over and beyond it, were promptly chopped off with a hatchet, and the creature disappeared. One of the fragments left in the boat was 19 feet long, so that there is reason to believe that the whole creature was not much smaller than the Irish monster.

We are also indebted to the same high authority on the Mollusca for a stirring account of the capture of the largest cuttlefish on record, with the exception of that cast up on the shore near Beira.

On November 30, 1860, Lieutenant Bouyer, in command of the French steamer, Election, observed an enormous cuttlefish swimming on the surface in the Atlantic between Madeira and Teneriffe. It was from 15 feet to 18 feet in length, without counting the formidable arms covered with cups which crowned its head. Its color was brick red, its eyes were fixed and enormous, and its beak, like that of a parrot, could be opened to an extent of 18 inches. The body was spindle-shaped,

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and the fins at the hinder end formed two large fleshy lobes. He resolved to attack it with cannon and harpoons. At the first discharge the animal dived under the ship, reappearing at the other side. Attacked again with harpoons, it disappeared two or three times, lashing the sea with its long arms. The ship followed, and the chase lasted more than three hours. One of the cannon balls ultimately hit a vital part, and the animal was lassoed and conveyed to the side of the ship. The harpoons penetrated it, but were soon wrenched out in the struggle. On attempting to haul their prize on board, the weight was so great that the rope cut through the flesh, separating the body into two parts; the hinder part was hoisted on board, and the rest fell back into the sea. The weight of the body was estimated at more than 4400 pounds.

We have already seen that the large cuttlefishes form the principal food of the sperm whale, which, with its powerful lower jaws armed with sharp conical teeth, is specially adapted for catching them. Sometimes the cuttlefish is sufficiently powerful to contend on equal terms for its life.

In the *Cruise of the Cachalot* Mr. Bullen describes in his vivid style one such encounter seen in the moonlight on the mirrorlike sea off Sumatra: —

'A very large sperm whale was locked in deadly conflict with a cuttlefish or squid almost as large as himself, whose interminable tentacles seemed to enlace the whole of his great body. The head of the whale especially seemed a perfect network of writhing arms — naturally, I suppose — for it appeared as if the whale had the tail part of the mollusk in his jaws and in a businesslike, methodical way was sawing through it. By the side of the black columnar head of the whale appeared the head of the great squid, as awful an object as one can well imagine even in a fevered dream. Judging as carefully as possible, I estimated it to be at least as large as one of our pipes which contained 350 gallons, but it may have been and probably was a good deal larger. The eyes were remarkable for their size and blackness, which contrasted with the livid whiteness of the head and made the appearance all the more striking. They were at least a foot in diametre, and seen under such conditions looked decidedly eerie and hobgoblinlike. All around the combatants were numerous sharks, like jackals round a lion, ready to share the feast.'

From these and other records, unnecessary to quote, it may be concluded that these hideous monsters inhabit all the deeper seas, ranging from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions. The creature represented by the fragment on the shore at Beira is by far the largest yet known, but it is very likely that even larger cuttlefishes lurk in the depths of the adjacent seas.

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CHASTISEMENT

BY LEOPOLDO LUGONES

[*Señor Lugones is regarded as one of the greatest writers of Argentina and as a leading figure in Spanish-American literature of to-day. He is the author of several books of poems, among which are* Mountains of Gold, Garden Twilight, *and the* Book of Landscapes, *his most recent collection of poems. His prose books are numerous and powerful and indicate the almost encyclopedic range of his interests. The story here translated is an extract from* Guerra Gaucha, *one of his early works dealing with the bloody struggles between the Royalists and Republicans in the early days of South America.*]

From *Revue de L'Amérique Latine, January*
(Paris Political and Literary Review)

From moment to moment the arrival was expected of a body of Royalist troops who had been escorting a weary band toward the more distant Republican villages of the frontier of Chaco, and who had found themselves forced to turn back because of the difficulties that the mountains and the rain presented. The mountains rose impenetrable on the very borders of the city, and the rain beat down upon the nearby fields so that already sheets of water were licking at the broken-down houses on the outskirts of the town with nothing to control them. That very afternoon a sudden cloud-burst had swelled the torrents of rain; in spite of which a heavy warmth hung over everything, boding ill for the future.

The two most powerful dignitaries of the locality, the priest and the Councilor, who came originally from Potosi and who managed his factories from there, were particularly inconvenienced by the tempest; for, regarding themselves as representatives of the King to whom they professed equal devotion, they were keeping as prisoners in the chapel of the parish six old patriots, who were too old and infirm to enroll themselves in the Guards. The Republican Guard operating in the field was raiding far away, as far as one could conclude from a message received that evening. But, moving with its proverbial rapidity, it might appear any day at the gates of the city, and repay the devotion of the two Royalists with a couple of unceremonious hangings.

The messenger was the only survivor of the advance guard of an invading Royalist band which had been wiped out the week before. The advance guard had pushed on too far and too carelessly, and Indians captured in the woods had told them of a great herd of cattle that the patriots had assembled not far from there, a carelessly guarded herd that the patriots thought sufficiently protected by secrecy and distance. There was no road to the spot and in order to reach it they must push their way up the river. The Indians offered their *pirogues* (canoes). Without checking their stories, the Royalist leader pushed forward in utter disregard of all prudence and all discipline. They traveled only by day, for the river's edge was covered with great marshes and darkness increased their danger. On the first night one of the rowers climbing from branch to branch of the overhanging trees had tried to cut away some of the entangling limbs; but he had disappeared amid a disquieting bellowing, devoured, so his

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comrades said, by the alligators that infested the estuary. As they pushed their way up against the current, towing a raft heavily loaded with their baggage, they advanced very slowly, until at last they began to grow suspicious. It seemed as though the Indians might be deceiving them. These native guides stopped to fish, providing, so they said, for rations in case of possible delay. They emphasized the difficulties, talking about various things that might delay the expedition, and when explanations were demanded they replied evasively. It would have been folly to handle them harshly, and so the leader, in alarm, decided to watch them surreptitiously by night and meantime to conceal his distrust.

At nightfall of the first day his suspicions took definite form. The Indians were clearly taking the expedition into inextricable backwater, away from the mainland, around the dismal silences of a flooded forest. Only a solitary bird sent forth the trill of its melancholy song far off among the dark overhanging foliage. The water gurgled dismally under the thrust of the oars. Swarms of mosquitoes set fever in their blood till they were almost mad, and a warm devastating vapor, whose venomous breath carried the fever too, wore away their flesh in the putrid atmosphere. Night came. The Indians stopped, scarcely concealing their hostile plans, and it seemed as though they were surrounded by woods of appalling density, thicker because of the shadows and the hot, languid air surrounding them. Still the Royalists tried not to let fear break through their mask of bold indifference and Castilian pride. But for all that it was gnawing at their overstrained nerves and wills.

The Indian *cacique* (chief) deigned at last to reply to their questions. If they had turned the boats aside a little, he said, it was only to shorten the journey and to take advantage of the flood. Early the next day they would reach their destination. And when he had spoken thus he glanced over his men and then, rolling up in the bottom of the boat, went to sleep. In spite of his reassuring words the Royalists could not follow his example; and the men kept watching, sometimes with their heads brushed by the fluttering wings of the vampire bats which made their hair bristle with horror.

Day broke clear and serene, lightly colored by the dawn. The Indians took up the oars, the cacique repeating his assurances with ambiguous smiles, which immediately reappeared on the faces of his companions, who redoubled their efforts. Such signs seemed to presage the end of the voyage. A reflected cheerfulness appeared on the terribly pale faces of the voyagers. The freshness of the day gave a kind of new vigor to their eyes, burning for lack of sleep, and they contemplated in dull silence the imposing pomp of daybreak upon the water. The forest slid away toward the horizon, forming a gulf of savage solitude bordered by old trees, impenetrable, dismal. Not a ripple broke the sombre crystal of the water from which upswept, increasing the dismal aspect of the landscape, the solitary whiteness of a single heron. The dull glistening water, shot through with the color of a broken tile, took on the purple colors of a dying coal, which turns slowly to violet and then at last to gray. In the east a dull fog broken with reddish rays lay upon the water; the sky flamed toward the zenith in cerise transparence. In the wake of the pirogue the waters stirred in dull and oily ripples. A vague lilac tint lay over the obscure transparency of the marshes, and suddenly the sun appeared, covering the fog with carmine among rosy smoke like Bengal fire.

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At this moment the morning song of a bird sounded; not in the branches this time, but in the canoe itself. Another trill like it echoed from the wood, and before the Royalist soldiers knew that they were betrayed, a volley of arrows burst through the woods; and here and there, some among the trees, others plunged in water to their waists, appeared the warriors, a yelling throng, painted for war. They held bows or slings, and as they dashed about here and there, burst into cruel shouts of laughter, while the quartz crystals of their ornaments gleamed with sinister clearness. Pitilessly, they poured their floods of poisonous arrows upon their victims. It was a random pursuit, with club and arrow, through the waters; and the lone survivor who brought the news confirmed his story by showing his elbow, shattered in the struggle.

Spurred on by this story to still greater harshness, the priest and his friend, the Councilor, day and night watched over the chains of their prisoners with bitter enthusiasm, and tortured them to prevent any possible conspiracy. No doubt the prisoners were plotting an escape, planning God only knows what horrors; and as the beating rains set the walls of the chapel to crumbling a new terror came upon the jailers. In vain the priest preached to the prisoners and to still less purpose did his companion abuse them. Protected by their age as if by a shield the *gauchos* grew thin and horrible, without complaint or protest. The two jailers were often together for their lands adjoined. They formed an inseparable pair, although the eye of public opinion did not look upon them in the same light. If the priest was pardoned for his Royalism because of his profession and because also of a degree of popularity among the people, there was nothing but hatred for the Councilor. A misanthrope and a bully vulgarly displaying his wealth, he would have made his own shadow hate him. He engaged in the slave trade, sending his slaves to Peru by troops of four and five hundred at a time, or hiring them out to ply their trades among the leading citizens of the vicinity when he was not using them on his own estates, where he exploited them in every way. Like a tyrant he ruled cruelly over his unhappy slaves, maintaining discipline by denying them food and with the whip as well. To toast their feet or scatter salt in their wounds were his gentlest chastisements. Some of them were branded with a red hot iron like cattle.

He dressed like a gallant in spite of his gray locks and decaying teeth. His wig and the hair turned over his temples scarcely concealed the ravages of baldness, but he hid them under a three-cornered hat ornamented with a fluttering plume. Every day he wore his uniform. He flaunted his coach, and his velvet breeches, caught at the knee with a great silver brooch, his shoes with topaz buckles, and his extravagant jackets before the eyes of the people living round about. In spite of his wealth he was still so greedy that he stirred up hate. People endured his authority even while they protested silently against it.

This evening he was talking with the priest, both of them sorely dismayed by the disaster to the troops, before his ancestral home, at one corner of which his horse, harnessed in silver and velvet, was champing his bit with impatience. Not a step echoed about where the two men stood. In the streets not a sound. Two slaves with muskets on their shoulders guarded the entry to the chapel where the prisoners lay. The faces of the old men, passive and severe, with their beards and yellowing cheeks like dead men's heels, appeared in the cavernous shadow, which made

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the chapel deeper yet. And a voice, the voice of a prisoner, in which sounded irreparable injustice, sang a plaintive song of the mountains, while someone struck the chains as if they were a musician's triangle, and they sounded sadly through the song: —

All is dismal, all is bad,
All is weary, all is sad.

The ecclesiastic was telling how that very morning, while he was administering spiritual consolation to the unfortunate, the tempest had burst out, and he had found old Gertrude, the sorceress, boiling God alone knew what devilish mixture in her greasy kettle. As he talked to her of the church and of Hell, in order to save that lost soul from Satan, she burst out blaspheming in the most horrible fashion, her four remaining teeth gnashing in rage, fanatic as one possessed. She threatened the Royalists with ferocious maledictions by virtue of two dry lizards that hung from a beam, and she burst out against the fatherland as if seized with diabolical frenzy. It was thus, he added, that the countryside was led astray. To tolerate such things was only to invite disturbances.

At that very moment the tapping of a cane sounded on the flagstones and as though she had burst out of the sun the old witch appeared before their eyes. Under her ragged petticoat her bloody limbs trembled, swollen with dropsy. A moth-eaten shawl that looked as if it had been gnawed by the worms of the sepulchre, covered her shoulders and her head, letting her gray, greasy hair stream out. Bent almost double, clutching her cane with hands crooked like a toad's, she shrieked at them, or rather, belched out scattering words, after a fashion that her infirmity made all the more appalling. Why should they be dressed so finely, she shrieked, while the poor old patriots were shut up in prison as if they were thieves, and the negroes hired out like animals! She demanded liberty for them. They were men like others. They offended no one. If they did not get their liberty she would cry out to God himself. Let them cease to profane the temple that they had already turned into a prison. Did they have no fear when they saw the clouds hanging over them full of the fire that Providence had sent, demanding expiation?

The sky was growing overcast once more. The great arch of evening filled with a silent clearness in which golden clouds were floating. Other clouds came surging on, piling upon each other, and the setting sun, though it gave the horizon a sickly yellow color, cast opal transparencies upon the snowy summit of the peak nearby. In the dark ravines the white blossoms of the trees spread out their lacework. One lonely poplar shook and rustled in its cuirass of silver foliage, but there was no other movement in the immense quiet of the evening, and a hush fell upon the landscape, a hush broken only by the old woman, pouring out her exorcism — supplication for diatribe.

For the reception of the troops, the two friends were garbed in all the elegance of gala attire; waistcoat embroidered with gold, frock coat, cloak of green cloth of Valencia, and an elaborate cravat, for the Councilor, while the priest wore a satin cassock and a cloak whose heavy cloth indicated that it was by no means the costume of every day. A dull peal of thunder rumbled in the distance. Amid the lower clouds a gleam of fire, the crystal blue of quartz, flashed out.

Who had seen them, screamed the old woman? There, she cried, the fire of heaven was coming to chastise them as it had done already for the Tacôn de Moxocoya, the tyrant, when it struck the barrels of powder at Potosi and

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blew up the barracks and the three Goths of Tarija. A thunderbolt flashed through the cloud, and the priest, who was buttoning up his cloak, gave a quick start and trembled. Where did this spectre of an old woman find out things, he wondered, things they thought they alone knew. The old witch found out by some secret system of communication.

The old woman was crying now, shedding crystal tears whose prodigious abundance flowed from God alone knows what channel. Her harsh voice burst out in a savage ejaculation, and among the *quichuas* of words that she pronounced they could hear the name of Pacha Mama, showing that she was uttering maledictions.

But the calm of evening had come back, the snowy summit of the peak glowed opaline, the poplar leaves quivered slightly, and in the sky on the zenith a large blue gulf opened. The old woman was still raving, but the Councilor shrugged his shoulders, waving his three-cornered hat with a decisive gesture. The old witch was chattering too much. Away with her raillery and her silly chatter! Pushing her against the wall, he shoved her along up the street. She moved off trembling in silence, but when she reached the corner suddenly she turned and horrible shrieks of malediction burst from her:

'Accursed Goths! Fiends from hell! May the thunder and the lightning strike you!'

Far away among the hills the trumpet of the Royalist troops, marching near, blew the long awaited call; but at that very instant a thunderbolt flashed, descended upon the house of the Goths. An appalling crash rent the air, and when the priest had struggled to his feet once more, he saw his friend the Councilor lying dead near his dead horse, on which a branch of the poplar tree had crashed down.

The thunderbolt of God and of the fatherland, fulfilling the desire of the old sorceress, had punished the impiousness of the enemy, and like an avenging sword, preceded by battalions of the clouds, by its aerial artillery and its deploying hurricane, the thunder rolled and rumbled.

THE OLD POSTMAN

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Beacon*]

HERE he sits who day by day
Tramped his quiet life away:
Knew a world but ten miles wide,
Cared not what befell outside.

Nor, his tramping at an end,
Has he need of book or friend.
Peace and comfort he can find
In the laneways of his mind.

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'ANTI-AMERICA'

A SPANISH HOMILY

BY MARIANA RUBRÓ Y BELLVÉ

From *La Vanguardia, June* 18
(BARCELONA CLERICAL AND FINANCIAL DAILY)

So all-embracing is the influence of the civilization in the midst of which we live, that it is most difficult for our minds to rise above the tendencies and attitudes it imposes. None the less, our intellects may acknowledge that the structure and function of the society to which we are accustomed and its standards of culture are not perfect, and that there may be other civilizations, very different from ours, that afford the community and the individual a well-being superior to our own.

Our civilization descends from that of Rome, with a strain of barbarian influence inherited from the German invasion. It assumes that force is the sole means of holding together society. Let me hasten to add that this force is not exclusively force of arms. It may be coercion exercised by a tyrant, a political group, a bold adventurer, or an industrial trust. The individual confronted by overwhelming force is helpless. Feeling himself isolated and abandoned in the very bosom of the society in which he lives, he develops acute egoism, and his life struggle becomes, from whatever angle we may examine it, essentially a violent process. During the last hundred years, mechanical inventions have greatly augmented the influence of force upon society. Machinery has invaded every sphere of life; it rules the land, the sea, and the air above us. Instruments of destruction have multiplied as rapidly as instruments of construction, and have often surpassed them in efficiency.

America stands for the last word in mechanism. Whenever we hear of some wonderful new machine, we assume that it is an invention either conceived or developed in the United States. We may therefore look upon America as symbolizing the kind of civilization toward which all mankind seems to be hastening, a civilization where the sum of felicity is to do everything at a rate of a hundred miles an hour. Our eagerness for vast business undertakings, our absorption in the race for riches, our substitution of the machine for the man in every field of industry, our desire to finish a thing almost before we begin it, accord with the ideal of this hyperbolical civilization, the aspirations of which may be synthesized in a single formula: 'Do in two hours with two men for two dollars what previously took three.'

Many voices have been raised against this conception of life and civilization. The men who have most vigorously condemned this little feverish preoccupation with purely material progress were Russian thinkers who flourished just before the Bolshevist Revolution. According to the partisans of the Slavs, there is but one race on the globe that is able to arrest the deluge of mechanism and egoism that is overwhelming the world: that nation is Russia. If America stands for the ultimate devel-

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opment of a civilization that runs counter to the higher nature of the human soul, Russia symbolizes the opposite tendency. Russia is, to put the statement in its simplest form, anti-American, and Russia's mission is to transform and better the human social order, which, as at present constituted, defeats its true purpose of increasing the total sum of human happiness.

According to the Russian view, our present ills are due to our neglecting the moral growth of the individual and concentrating our attention too exclusively upon constructing a social order ruled by laws that are good in theory but produce no results so long as the individuals subject to them are evil. Man, according to thinkers of the Slav school, cannot reach moral perfection except by a life of humility, simplicity, and something approaching poverty. The world has forgotten the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, which points out the only path by which we can reach justice and peace. The Russia of the Faith — Holy Russia — is the only nation that can lead the human flock back to the road that Jesus pointed out. Only the Russians are capable of giving an example of that contrition that perfects the individual and by perfecting the individual can eventually improve the society of which he forms a part.

The influence of contrition and remorse for past sins plays a great part in the theories of Slavic thinkers. They trust in that to work the necessary transformation in human society. We are told that the Tsar Nicholas I, when he was visiting a prison, questioned seven prisoners who were confined in the same cell. Of these seven, six were clearly innocent, if one were to believe their answers to the Tsar's questions. Unjust judges, false witnesses, or misleading circumstantial evidence alone had brought them to their present terrible pass, where they were suffering punishment for crimes they had not committed.

But the seventh prisoner answered: 'Your Majesty, I am here as the natural consequence of the crimes that I have committed. My punishment is hard, but I am bearing it with resignation, because no one but myself is at fault for the evil I did, and I ought to suffer the punishment I have merited.' The story goes that Tsar Nicholas I, assuming an attitude of intense indignation, interrupted the man at this point and ordered sternly: 'Take this rascal out of this cell immediately; what he says proves that he is unworthy of enjoying for a single minute longer the company of the six noble and innocent gentlemen who are his companions in confinement!'

This anecdote symbolizes to the Slavic writers the redemption of a society by repentance and amendment. Repentance is the foundation stone of spiritual progress. That is why the Slav thinkers attach first importance to it. We must admit that our present civilization attaches practically no importance to that state of mind. The foremost nations of the world have fought with a fury and an expenditure of blood unprecedented in history to destroy their enemies; the evils they have thus brought upon the world are incalculable. But we observe not the slightest sign of grief or repentance, or of a real intention to do better, in any country. Fierce hatred still corrodes the heart and poisons the life of Europe.

Unquestionably our present civilization is open to searching criticism. Under some aspects its failures and defects verge upon the grotesque. In all its aspects it displays indifference to the noblest ideals of the soul. A young race like the Slavs, isolated from the

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ceaseless agitation of our overcivilized Western world, may perhaps give us an important clue by which we may set our compass aright and steer a better course.

But is Russia the nation that is called upon to guide the march of humanity? That is a difficult question. After five years of revolution, she seems to have emerged from the destructive stage common to all such social earthquakes and to be entering upon a period of construction; yet at the very beginning she declares that she can do nothing without foreign aid. We may therefore seriously question whether her people are the chosen race whose mission it is to lead humanity into a better land. The Russians have an infinite capacity for passive suffering; but they are easily moved to the opposite extreme of passion and violence. It is still an unsettled question whether Anti-America would be better than the era of exaggerated mechanism in which we now dwell.

LETTER TO A LADY

BY ENID NORMAN

[*Westminster Gazette*]

DEAR LADY, —
On your birthday morning I,
Last and most hated of your lovers, came
To greet you, thinking you would tremble, cry
For mercy, should you only hear my name;
Since others, all as beautiful as you,
Have paid the price when old Time came to woo.

I swore to leave my kiss-prints on your face,
I, who have kissed so many to their cost
(Some dally with the paint-pot for a space,
Defiant, though they know the game is lost,
While some in resignation yield to me,
Then take to gossip, crochet-work, and tea).

But, Lady, I saw laughter in your eyes
Where I had looked for fear. Ah, you were brave
To mock at me! You took me by surprise,
And thus for each charm stolen, two I gave.
To break so gay a spirit were a crime
Too deadly for
Your true admirer,
TIME.

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THE MEADOW: A PARODY[1]

BY E. V. KNOX

[*Mr. Knox is known to readers of* Punch *as 'Evoe.' A collection of the merry ditties he has contributed to that incomparable journal appeared not long ago under the title,* Parodies Regained.]

From the *New Statesman, June* 24
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

NEITHER had intended this walk, thought Washington, yet here they were. They had, indeed, come out of the inn door side by side, and Mrs. Jones had waved to them from the parlor window with a red and gray duster. (Or had she really not waved?) Together they had struck out into the field path over the stile. But were they consciously walking with each other, or two disparate entities, thrown together by a chance conjunction of space and time? He did not know.

How brightly the primroses were shining, tight-bunched clusters — wax possibly — deep among the hedge-roots on both banks of the little ditch, everywhere. Like buttons. Buttons or buttonholes. How silly that was. And a thrush violently, almost indecently, sang. Where was it? In that thorn bush probably. But it had feathers. He seemed to see himself quite suddenly alone, without feathers, in that thorn bush which was his life. Feeding mainly on worms. He tried to thrust back the obscure, hideous thing that was always part of himself, that peeped grotesquely from its shell, and now for the first time he glanced at Lætitia.

Her hat hid her eyes. It was a red hat, bright red. He felt miserable. He looked away again at the hedge. It was almost virulently green. That was worse. As though if you leaned against it or sat on it, quite certainly the paint would come off. These hideous contacts; could one never be rid of them? Suddenly, he hated hedges. He looked down. The path was perhaps better — grim, stony, but quite solid, and going somewhere. His boots hurt. But all his life he had been hurt; it hurt him to touch anything, anybody. Yet he must do something. There was a little dusty mound on the path, eight, no seven yards in front of Lætitia — a molehill probably. Her feet were like moles. Or was it mice? No, that was Suckling. Moles in suède skins, perhaps. If she tripped at all in treading over that molehill, he had made up his mind. He would throw himself on the ground in front of her, right across the path, and scream. How did one scream? Oh? Ah? It did n't matter. Anyhow, he would throw himself down.

If she did n't trip at all, did n't stumble, but just lifted her foot lightly over it, he was lost. No, she had n't touched it. Nothing had happened. Nothing ever happened as he wished it. He always drifted; never could touch the ropes, hold the rudder, never steer. Why did everyone in England make metaphors about ships? As if we were really a nautical nation, whereas most people when they went in a boat were sick. Suddenly, he seemed to see himself, very white and small, in a boat in a

[1] The writer of this idyll expresses his thanks to certain of the moderns, and in particular to Mr. J. Middleton Murry.

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great tempest, a long way off, leaning over the side.

But, at all events, there were no paths in the sea, no hedges. The thrush had stopped singing now. That was because there was a cloud closing over the edge of the sun, shutting it, submerging it, like a consciousness. When the sun came out again, they would be just beyond the next stile. Twelve yards beyond. There was a holly tree there. He would turn a somersault in front of the holly tree, and see whether she stopped and spoke.

What was that? Yes, surely it was — very faint, and from far off, in that little strip of wood — why *strip* of wood? — there it was again: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' An immense flood of wretchedness surged over him. He seemed to have been drifting helplessly down the years, always, a waif, in the hollow sadness of that sound. They had passed the stile now; it was as if they had been washed over, washed to the foot of the holly tree. He clenched both hands firmly, and flung himself down, forward on his head. This was the end. He looked up. Lætitia was sitting down beside him. She had picked a long piece of grass and was biting it.

'Did you hurt yourself?' she said.

He felt that if he could not find a piece of grass with a knot in it he would never be able to reply. At last he found one and thrust it into his mouth. And now the thrush was singing again.

'You did n't mean to say that,' he muttered at last, looking not at her but a long way off over two fields — no, three fields — at a wind pump turning slowly.

'Perhaps not.' She looked round for another blade of grass. Rather helplessly, Washington thought. She did not really know how to eat grass. There was something warm and wonderfully consoling in the thought.

'I am sure you did n't,' he said, slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on the pump (he could just hear it clank now), and holding his left boot tightly with his right hand, 'because I 'm an abominable person, abominabler than anyone you ever met. Oh, much abominabler.'

'But perhaps that 's why I asked, Mr. Washington.' He let go of his boot suddenly.

'It may be. But what you don't know, could n't know without my telling you, is that the thing I consciously am is n't here at all itself. It 's outside, quite different, looking on at the things that are here, at you and me, oh! but from ever so far away.'

She felt suddenly furious. He could see how white her knuckles were, gleaming, as she pulled up some more grass, several blades at once. He plucked some too.

'And is it interested in what it sees, Mr. Washington?'

'Oh, I don't know,' he said, biting wearily. 'Not more than usual, I think. What interests it is the way you look at what I am. That 's what it 's trying to see. Do I look what I am to you or don't I? That 's what I 'm trying to know.'

'But if you're not here at all —?'

She was staring at the wind pump, too, now. He could tell that, although the brim of her hat was quite low above her eyes.

'Yes, but I mean the thing that is here, the thing that is dragged helplessly about from contact to contact, tugged this way and that way, the thing that has strings to it, that squeaks. How I despise it! But do you? That 's the question. I 'm not so sure that you do. Need you have come out here to-day with it at all? Could n't you have turned back and left it? No, don't stop eating, take some more grass before you tell me. Look, I am eating as well.'

'Supposing,' her voice came to him

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muffled and rather faintly, 'supposing I were to say that I am not here either.'

'Ah, but that's just it. Are n't you so very much here, or at least so much more than I? Both of us are vile, unspeakably vile, both of us hate the thing that each of us is. But was n't I content to watch myself from a greater distance, to despise myself more, this me, this insect, than you? Did n't you come here with yourself to find out about yourself? Were n't you just so much curious that you let yourself take you by the hand to see — '

He stopped. Some kind of veil seemed to have been drawn over the dazzle of sunlight that was about her and almost a part of her. He turned his head. It was a cow. It was looking at her hat. At the same moment she became conscious of it herself.

'Will you send it away, please, Mr. Washington?'

He got up and shooed. It stood quite still for a moment, staring stupidly at them.

'Are you quite sure,' she said, 'that it is n't a bull?'

'Quite sure.'

It turned now and shambled away slowly, switching its tail. As he watched its fine sleek flanks, its ungainly movement, its wonderful appearance of fecundity and strength, he thought he had never seen anything more beautiful in his life. Tears came into his eyes.

Quite suddenly he knew that he and Lætitia must be married. He knew in the same moment that she recognized it too. Both their mouths were full of grass.

Savagely, without speaking a word, he turned, and they walked back the way they had come. Then as they walked an extraordinary sense of lightness seemed to inflate him, or rather it was as if a wind had blown right through him, sweeping away dead leaves, and litter, and dust, and moss, and leaving a bright shining everywhere. And he knew that if he turned round he would see himself dead, black and shriveled and naked, lying in the field. But he would not look back. They came out into the road. At the door of the inn Mrs. Jones stood, her sleeves rolled up, scouring a pan with strong, red arms. It was glorious.

'Shall we,' asked Lætitia, 'have some lunch?' The voice seemed to come to him from over the years, a faint echo, as if he had always heard it, must never not hear it again.

'Cold beef,' he said, a wonderful strength of purpose flowing into him from her in warm, glittering tides; and 'Cold beef, Mrs. Jones,' he shouted, 'but no salad, I think?'

'No,' said Lætitia, softly, 'no salad.'

They went indoors.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE SEA-SENSE

BY NORMAN ANGLIN

[*Observer*]

All day along the plough's full-laden wake
Of worms — like bubbles in the shiny clay! —
Sea-gulls have hovered in white-winged array.
I follow, for I dare not now forsake
This sudden sea-sense in the fields; I take
A score of memories from each display
Of broad white wings — the restless sea to-day
Is with me as I watch the furrow break.

A misted night: the lights of farms burn clear,
Like masthead-lights on slowly passing ships.
The sea — this wide-flung country ploughed for grain —
Is black; like rollers, hedges swiftly rear
Their lengths; one light, another, gently dips,
Hides for a hushed half-minute, burns again.

THE CHINA CUPBOARD

BY IDA GRAVES

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

The China Cupboard's gray
And cool this shining day;
A hoard of age-old shadows steep
The narrow room in sunless sleep.
Its flowered cups and dishes wait
In rows upon the shelf, with plate
And jug of blue design
And homely jam-jars in a line,
And wide, pale bowls where flowers spread
Their tracery of blue and red.
Here Sally comes in working-gown
And apron; here she reaches down
A bulging pitcher, rough and brown.
Into the sunlight then she speeds
To draw the water that she needs.

So Sally's self enfolds me round
With shadowless shadow and mute sound,
And it is very joy to find
The close, gay flowers of her mind.
Then she will speed this mood and be
Crisp light and windy gayety,
When all her thoughts will be as keen
As water, and as swift and clean.

THE LOVERS

BY EDWARD DAVISON

[*Spectator*]

Willow and water! Would we were
Like those dear lovers all the year,
And our exchanging light and shade
As dark or bright reflection made,
Blending through mirrored rise or fall
And every windless interval.
Might we but touch as tender-lipt
As they when first a ripple slipt
To kiss the downward-dipping frond
That leaned above the river-pond
To close that envious space between
Lest any weed should intervene,
That Beauty over Beauty crouched
Might tremble in the thing it touched!
Would love like theirs were ours to live,
So delicate, so sensitive;
But neither sun nor moon shall see
Thy light in mine or mine in thee.

EPIGRAM

EDWARD DAVISON

[*London Mercury*]

Since I have seen the harvest moon
How heavy lies the fallow mind;
O Lord, send forth thy ploughmen soon
While yet the seeds are on the wind.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A FRENCH THEATREGOER IN LONDON

M. HERVÉ LAUWICK describes in the pages of *Figaro* his deep disgust with the theatres of London. His views on the low estate of the English stage are so pronounced that they might almost satisfy the exacting Mr. Shaw — especially as Mr. Shaw's own plays are not adversely criticized and his criticism is praised! Says the disappointed Frenchman: —

I have seen almost everything in the English theatres. Nowhere are the halls more comfortable, or is the convenience of the audience better cared for. Nowhere is dramatic art at a lower ebb. Where can you go? To Covent Garden? You will hear *Faust* — in American! (And there *are* people who don't think Faust is funny!) Or there is *Carmen*, sung by a fat blonde who comes from Yorkshire — like the best English hams. At the Hippodrome? The performance would wring tears from the eyes of a Châtelet machinist. There is a point where childishness exceeds the limits of childhood and becomes infantile — like paralysis.

At Daly's, Gerald du Maurier, whom that master of the actor's art, M. Sacha Guitry, regards as the greatest English actor of our time, is playing Sir J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, and he is charming in it. Of the play itself, Shaw has said that it is 'worse than Shakespeare' and I agree with him entirely. It is a charming play for a child of six to write — a child who goes regularly to the Guignol Anatole and has imbibed too deeply of Maeterlinck's writings.

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A YOUNG POET AND AN OLD ONE

THE publication of Thomas Hardy's *Late Lyrics and Earlier* leads Mr. Louis Golding, one of the promising younger poets of England, into sundry reflections on 'Mr. Hardy and the New Poetry,' which appear in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Golding finds a certain 'grim irony' in the title, 'Apology,' which the great novelist gives to the preface to his new book of poems, for he believes that 'a century hence, or two centuries, this pronouncement from the cloudy topmost summit of our age will be accepted as its most authoritative document.'

Mr. Hardy fears that we are 'threatened with a new Dark Age' — a mood which Mr. Golding finds oddly similar to that of Wordsworth, as his life drew on to its close. Darkness, says Mr. Hardy, may perhaps be about to descend upon us, though of the precise cause he is not sure — 'whether owing to the barbarizing of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war, the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes, the plethoric growth of knowledge simultaneously with the stunting of wisdom, "a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation."' Most of all he finds the prospects of English poetry precarious, and it is here that Mr. Golding, as a representative of the younger poets of his country, takes respectful issue with the great veteran. In one respect, at least, he feels he is wrong: —

One phrase used by Mr. Hardy demonstrates what I am compelled, for all my diffidence (which who would not feel?), to describe as his misconception. It is only incidentally that he refers to our poetic age as 'this century of free verse.' Yet in this oblique charge he has allowed us to overhear, as it were, the gravamen of his accusation. The Dark Age that threatens us is a century of 'free' verse, of 'free' morals, of the unbinding of those knots which are called 'religion.' Then the omens are bright for us if the art and religion of this century are destined for no more licentious a

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freedom than the verse of our generation. I should not stand aghast with prospective horror at the thought that the unborn academicians of Springfield, Illinois, are destined to find Mr. Hardy's 'century of free verse' an accurate statement of the case.

In the first place, it must be understood that Mr. Hardy intimates a license of the spirit as well as a mere experiment in a craft. I will leave aside the consideration whether, in this particular case of 'free verse,' the second necessarily implies the first. There can be no doubt that they have often been associated; that 'free verse' has frequently dissolved emotion into anarchy through the smart denial of those very qualities by which poetry comes into being. The point I am concerned with is the definite indication that the younger English poets from season to season present, of at least the temporary failure of free verse. Not for a century has there been so much reverence in English poetry toward the great poets and the eternal inspirations. That very reverence has been the warrant for the freshness and the novelty of such poetry as Mr. Graves and Mr. Blunden have written, to mention two young poets only. Certainly no notable poet who has emerged during and since the War is continuing the experiment of free verse. Here and there an isolated practitioner who has been successful might be quoted, but he is not in the current of the time. Even a certain sanctity is beginning to invest those garments of poetry, metre and rhyme, which once, taking a deluded encouragement from Milton, the long-preceded innovators considered mere shackles to its limbs.

It is possible that this new tendency toward cosmos is a profound reaction from the chaos of the War. It is a reaction with all the force and validity of action; for the experimenters whom they have followed were often dabblers in decay, in a deliberate formlessness which had, in its earlier manifestations, antedated a diversity of forms so laboriously and passionately acquired. It is an action not peculiar to post-war poetry. The new lucidity is breaking upon each art, as if it were, in the exact meaning of the word, an *original* discovery. We maintain, then, granting the validity of the figure of Comte quoted by Mr. Hardy, that if advance be truly along a looped orbit, the end of the retrogression occurred with the last moment of the War. If discords persist, they persist for a younger generation to resolve them. Music lies before it. Perhaps, when one generation and another are spent, Thomas Hardy will be the first to acknowledge, walking with his familiars the dim fields, that the Dark Age he had foretold was not less in lustre than any that had gone before it.

UNPUBLISHED STEVENSON MANUSCRIPTS

An unpublished Stevenson play, an unpublished essay, and several letters hitherto unknown were the centres of interest at a recent sale at Christie's, in London. The letters were written to Stevenson's cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, a painter and art critic, who was the writer's only confidant during the years of his early manhood. They furnish excellent biographical material since they give unexpected insights into the character of the writer. There are occasional sentences which show that Stevenson realized this. Thus he writes: 'Did I ever become great, this letter would figure in my Life,' and again: 'If you keep my letters and I keep yours, what a curious retrospect it will be for us! My letters to you would form a history of myself, which, as I am too indolent to write a diary, I should like to have for future instruction and amusement.'

The letters dated from 1866 to 1870 and are therefore of especial value, because this is the period of Stevenson's life about which least is known. Most of them are so long that it is possible to print only extracts. In one of the most interesting, Stevenson discusses his play, *Monmouth*, which has never been published: —

I send you the programme, the division, and the *first sketch* for Scene I of *Monmouth, a Tragedy*. The plot was arranged and the

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programme written yesterday: the scene was scribbled off in about an hour and a half this afternoon; so you must excuse it. . . . Did you ever read the 'works of a nameless fellow called Shakespeare' — to quote Nahum Tate, in the preface to *King Lear*? I find myself utterly unable to write really dramatically: I go off into long soliloquies, descriptions of scenery, emotion, et cetera. . . . You see I made a sort of beginning for Scene II, which is simply sickening; only keep in the joke about the 'little black box' — of course you twig the allusion. Do mind and make Lambourne and everybody moral — no Swinburnism. If you can manage to make any character say aught witty, humorous, or bright, for Heaven's sake do so: I can't.

Two other letters deal with the play, announcing its completion and giving some of the young dramatist's opinions on his work: —

Strange how my mind runs on this idea. Becoming great, becoming great, becoming great. A heart burned out with the lust of this world's approbation: a hideous disease to have, even though shielded, as it is in my case, with a certain imperturbable something — self-consciousness or common sense, I cannot tell which — that would prevent me poisoning myself like Chatterton or drinking like Burns on the failure of my ambitious hopes. My nature is at once sanguine and ambitious; but I do not think I am so great a fool as to become my own dupe. Even in my vilest and most shameful thoughts — and who suffers more from such? — there is a something nobler intermixed, it may be but the next Spirit's last endeavors to raise me: it may be something intrinsically good.

In the second letter he is playing in the same key: —

I write, write, write — no matter what, under a vain delusion that my name will live in proportion to the number of foolscap pages covered with sprawling and half-illegible handwriting. . . . Apropos, I have dedicated the rotten play of *Monmouth* to a friend of mine — the dearest correspondent I ever met with: it is enclosed for your approbation, condemnation, or correction.

> It 's thus and thus that I shall sing:
> It don't require much predication
> To tell I 'll have a dedication;
> For — p'raps it comes from eddication —
> I like the sort of thing.

The rediscovery of *Monmouth* draws a serious protest from no less a critic than Mr. Edmund Gosse, who asserts in a letter to the *Times* that 'the dead should be protected from their own carelessness.' Mr. Gosse says that Stevenson at one time made great game of his play and used to recite bits of it as horrid examples of the way one ought not to write. The critic urged him then to destroy the manuscript, — 'being one of the four or five persons who at that date already believed his writings would become matters of universal interest,' — but although Stevenson agreed to do so, he was dilatory and first forgot the play, then lost it. Mrs. Stevenson prevented its inclusion in the Pentland edition of her husband's works, issued after his death, for she felt it was crude, absurd, and unworthy of the skill that R. L. S. eventually attained.

The very utmost Mr. Gosse is willing to concede is to immure the manuscript in a library where only students can see it, and where Stevenson's memory may be spared the ridicule which, he feels, is certain to fall upon his prentice work. Mr. Gosse concludes: 'I profess myself impenitent, and I have prevented three juvenile tragedies of Swinburne's from being published.'

NEW BOOKS IN ENGLAND

Several new English books of interest to Americans are to appear in England within a few months. A new volume of short stories by Rudyard Kipling is in press and will probably be published in the autumn, and meantime

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Mr. Kipling is working on a book dealing with the Irish Guards. Mr. W. H. Davies is soon to publish his selection of *Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century* through the Poetry Bookshop and Mr. W. Kean Seymour is bringing out a *Miscellany of Poetry* like the one he edited three years ago. Most of these verses have never before been gathered up into an anthology.

In order that poetic radicals may hold up their heads in modern England, the Sitwell family is bringing out four books in succession, three of which are poetry. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is printing a book of lyrics. Mr. Osbert Sitwell is to issue a volume of satirical poems, another volume of poems which are not satirical, and also a volume of travels in Italy.

Mr. William Brown of Edinburgh is responsible for a book whose mere title sounds alluring: *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.* Almost a hundred living writers are eligible to contribute, and among them are Thomas Hardy, Edmund Gosse, Lloyd Osborne, and Sir Sidney Colvin.

Two more serious books are the *Memoirs of Sir William Crookes* and a book on the *Economics of Unemployment*, by Mr. J. A. Hobson.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ART-SCHOOLS UNDER FIRE

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, one of the more distinguished of the younger British artists, gave an interview not long ago to the *Morning Post* in which he voiced once again the familiar complaint of the artist against the modern age, where 'beauty is tolerated as a useless and genteel hobby for a man with more money than sense.' Perhaps Mr. Nevinson revealed some of the animus which lay behind his bitterness when he told the interviewer that the total of his artistic gains for four years amounted to three hundred pounds. 'And I,' said Mr. Nevinson, 'am a fairly well-known man.'

Then Mr. Nevinson cut into the heart of the matter. English artists are so poorly paid that they cannot live except by teaching, which is likely to be the ruin of any artist. The Government makes huge grants to art schools where students without any real talent are turned into mere dilettantes; and the worst of it appears to be that these dilettantes contrive to get their works hung in the galleries and crowd out other artists.

Mr. Nevinson, however, following an approved European custom, retained his worst shots for our own unfortunate land, and having complained of the 'Americanized civilization' of the British Isles, launches this bolt in our direction: —

> In America matters are worse than over here. Was there ever a country with so many hundred thousand million art schools — I am never any good at American naughts — and so few artists? No wonder the American public only buys the gilt-edged dead masters from abroad and second-hand junk from European auction-rooms. America is admittedly only interested in the dead and the antique, so she might as well close her art schools.
>
> Here they are a handicap to what is vital in our art, so let us abolish them; and with the money the State would save — I believe it is something like two to three millions a year — let it spend a thousand or two in teaching the public to appreciate beauty in sound, form, and thought, which is possibly the only happiness, certainly the cheapest and indisputably the only way man is saved from being the most loathsome and revolting of all living things. Let us, at least, become practical, and spend taxpayers' money educating the young, not to become drifters in art schools, but to rouse themselves from this contemporary mechanical and material nightmare.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Byways Round Helicon, by I. A. Williams. London: Heinemann, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Mr. Iolo Williams, the author of this original and attractive little volume, has been in the habit of collecting forgotten poets of the age of Pope from the boxes of second-hand booksellers — poets of whom Johnson makes little or no mention; and he has been surprised (apparently) to find them worthy of his praise. He has now composed in their honor an unusual sort of book — 'a kind of anthology' he calls it — in which he runs through the treasures of his shelves, giving a little biography, a little criticism, and a good deal of quotation, and all in a pleasantly free-and-easy fashion, like careless talk under the study lamplight.

Mr. J. C. Squire, introducing the volume with an essay full of wise criticism and good English, grows so enthusiastic over his task as to prophesy a forthcoming revival in popularity for the poetry of the period; and unconsciously to assume the mantle of Dr. Johnson himself in the process. 'The resuscitation of deserving minors,' he writes, 'will synchronize with the growth of a more diffused inclination to see the eighteenth century as it was' — a sentence in which the modern Mercury may be observed falling into stately step with the Rambler down Fleet Street. 'Such a revival,' he adds, 'would be a useful and significant thing.' It most certainly would. For taste moves in cycles; and, just as the poetry of the eighteenth century was an inevitable reaction from Jacobean extravagance and excess, so the rather formless and slipshod methods of some of our later Georgians stand in present need of a return to the order and dignity of fine workmanship. The emotions are not less, but even more effectually conveyed through the medium of a conscientious art. We are never likely to revert to the stilted affectations of the minor Augustans; but a little leaven of their deliberate skill and polish would do modern prosody no harm at all.

The poetry of the eighteenth century —

'When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to the Schools,
And, shock'd with License, shudder'd into Rules' —

was an escape from a rioting wilderness into a formal garden, cleared of weeds, the tints laboriously arranged, the pattern trim and neat.

'Suppose you say your worst of Pope, declare
His Jewels paste, his Nature a Parterre,
His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
Where have you seen such Artifice before?
Where have you seen a Parterre better graced,
Or Gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?'

Austin Dobson's high praise for the high priest of the sanctuary may hardly, perhaps, be handed down unqualified to his acolytes; but Mr. Williams has certainly succeeded in collecting a great deal of very charming poetry by writers little known to any but the most patient student of the period. Of course, there are plentiful affectations, trailing periphrases for the ennoblement of common objects. Thus Armstrong describes the cold bath of the stalwart Briton: —

'Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern.'

While the whiskey of the Scot is surreptitiously veiled under a flowing pleonasm: —

'Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active.'

These, and Gifford's celebration of the milk-maid: —

'Then from the Kine her well-taught Fingers drew
The bounteous Blessings of the Milking-pail —'

are the last legacies of the age of Johnson, imperturbably voluble, vociferously sedate.

At Sea with Joseph Conrad, by Captain J. G. Sutherland, R.N.R. With a foreword by Joseph Conrad. London: Grant Richards, 1922. 16*s.*

[*Times*]

The experience to which this little book relates is the author's first voyage in command of a 'Q' sailing-ship, H.M.S. brigantine, Ready. The reason for its having been written lies in the fact that Mr. Conrad, who had already tried mine-sweeping and flying, contrived to obtain permission to sail with the author. Permission was the more readily given because, apparently, it was hoped that Mr. Conrad might be induced to 'write up' the doings of the Mercantile Navy, though no condition of this kind was made.

The subject of the book is not the voyage, but what Mr. Conrad thought of it all, in the first

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place, and in the second, what the author thought of Mr. Conrad. Unfortunately, it was a voyage devoid of any special interest. Submarines were twice sighted, and on both occasions proved to be British. For the rest, there was the routine of shipboard life, and if Mr. Conrad found it interesting, he would appear to have been uncommunicative. We read that he was told this, that he was amused by that, and that he was interested in something else; but we are not given his comments.

Once, indeed, he spoke to good effect, and the occasion is a fine example of his power of keeping his thoughts to himself. Captain Sutherland had asked him what made him first turn to literary work. Mr. Conrad thought for several minutes before replying, 'Well, Commander, I was a long time on shore'; and as a man of discretion Captain Sutherland left it at that.

As a result, the only impression we gain of Mr. Conrad is that he made himself very agreeable, and that he was well able to keep his own counsel. There is never any doubt about the author's attitude toward him. His hero-worship is engaging in its sincerity.

Poems, by Muriel Stuart. London: Heinemann, 1922. *3s. 6d.*

[V. Sackville-West in the *Morning Post*]

It is hard to define the word poet. Those whose sensitiveness is alive to such niceties do not ask readily whether he or she is a good poet or a bad poet, but more simply whether he or she *is a poet.* The question is one of degree rather than one of quality; of magic rather than of conscience. And one hesitates to apply the term when magic is so rare and lovely an attribute. Taking the case in point, it certainly cannot be said that Miss Stuart is a bad poet; it might even be said that she was rather a good poet, but that there arises primarily, under the standard just formulated, the question of whether she is a poet at all. She is, at all events, a competent writer of verse, even though she may not be quite chary enough of the commonplace epithet. 'To slake the amorous lips of love with fruit,' or 'strange, rich trophies,' or 'sunken argosies,' for example, have all the meaningless echo of the *cliché;* they have not the surprise of true poetry — and thus her weakness for the convenient simile, such as the rose, may lead her into introducing this flower into seventeen poems out of the twenty-eight, recurring eight times in one single poem strictly nonbotanical in subject. She might well take as her motto in future the first line of her own poem, entitled 'Obsession,'

'I will not have roses in my room again. . . .'

But even this resolution, so salutary, breaks down, for the same poem concludes, 'roses were everywhere.' They are, indeed.

But, criticism over, there remain lines in which Miss Stuart has come near the magic, notably in her sonnet to Lady Hamilton:

'Men wondered why I loved you, and none guessed
How sweet your slow, divine stupidity,
Your look of earth, your sense of drowsy rest,
So rich, so strange, so all unlike my sea.
After the temper of my sails, my lean
Tall masts, you were the lure of harbor hours,'

and other isolated lines to which the author herself probably prefers her more ambitious efforts, such as 'Andromeda Unfettered,' which is 'not a study of the economic struggle of women, but of the deep-rooted antagonism of spirit which constitutes the eternal sex-problem.' But one would be content to allow Miss Stuart the luxury of an occasional 'Andromeda,' if upon her more casual path she will continue to strew the happy phrases which lift her to the level of poetry.

Loin de la Rifflette, by Jean Galtier-Boissière. Paris: Crès, 1922.

[Pierre MacOrlan in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

Before anything else, the book of Jean Galtier-Boissière is a brave book; and the fact that a courageous book has been written on this subject, full of pitfalls as it is, is all the more remarkable because the War is over and we have nothing to do but fear the next one. Little by little, eliminating certain books about the War, and keeping others, one contrives to procure representations of that event which honestly portray the thousand aspects of the burlesque tragedy.

Now that the War is distant and while it still holds us by the power of its memories, we must struggle against the feeling of depression that gives these memories their incomparable character. Some day, if we are n't careful, this quality will make us regret the War! . . . Jean Galtier-Boissière's book, *Loin de la Rifflette,* — that is, in the slang of the trenches, 'Far from the Firing Line,' — takes its place among the great books, among the most human books that desperate crisis has produced.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Brandes, Georg. *François de Voltaire.* 2 vols. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel, 1920. *Kroner* 23,50 paper-covered. *Kroner* 52,00 cardboard cover, illustrated.

Knox, E. V. *Parodies Regained.* London: Methuen, 1921. *5s.*

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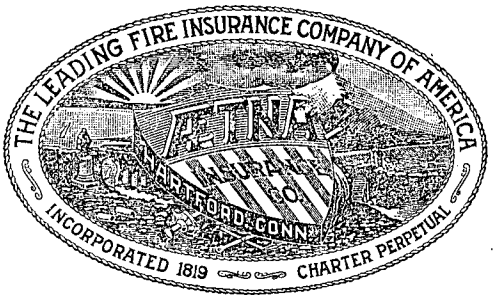
1819



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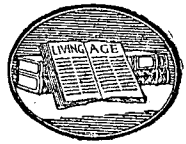

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